The CRISIS

Vol. 8—No. 5 SEPTEMBER, 1914 Whole No. 47

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THE CRISIS

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PUBLISHED BY THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF COLORED PEOPLE, AT 70 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

Conducted by
W. E. BURGHARDT DU BOIS
AUGUSTUS GRANVILLE DILL, Business Manager

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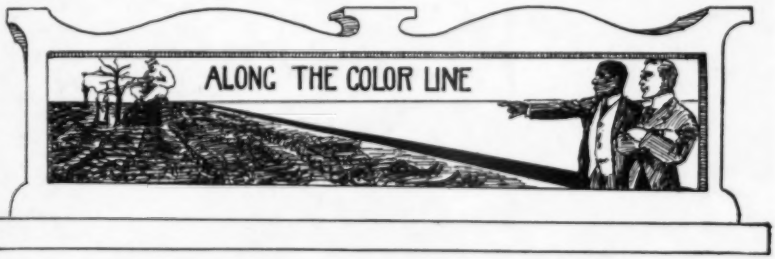


SOCIAL UPLIFT

FRANCIS L. HOOPER, a sixteen-year-old colored boy of Plainfield, N. J., has invented an invalid's bed and secured a patent on it.

¶ The First Regimental Band, Uniform Rank, Knights of Pythias of Nebraska, gave a band concert at Riverview Park in Omaha on July 5 in the presence of ten thousand people. This is the first time that a colored band has given a concert in one of the city parks.

¶ Colored doctors of California have organized a state medical association with headquarters in Los Angeles. The project of building a hospital is being discussed.

¶ It is estimated that only about forty per cent. of the colored girls in New York City in need of institutional care are provided for. A committee of workers is trying to raise money for the Sojourner Truth House in order to care for those not provided for.

¶ The seventy-seventh annual report of the Colored Orphan Asylum at Riverdale-on-the-Hudson, N. Y., states that there are 235 children now in the institution and that 139 children have been released during the year; three have died. The year's expenses were $74,027.55 with a deficit of $14,406.72 carried over.

¶ From all reports, the Negro colony of Blackdom, N. M., is thriving. The colony, which was founded by Francis Boyer twelve years ago, and is now managed by James H. Coleman, is established upon government lands which are practically free. There is a daily mail service, a church, a school, a pumping plant and a general store.

¶ The most complete and modern field house in Kansas City, Mo., is the Garrison Field House and Playground for Negroes. In this steam-heated building there are forty-one shower baths, auditoriums for dancing and indoor sports, and surrounding it are the play grounds completely fitted up for outdoor sports of many kinds. The operation of the building and grounds is entirely in the hands of colored workers under the Supervisor of all municipal playgrounds.

¶ On the Fourth of July St. David's Fresh Air and Convalescent Home opened for the summer season at Silver Lake Park, White Plains, N. Y. Last summer the Negro Fresh Air Committee sent 118 people to the camp for whom they paid $350.00. The New York Association for the Blind sends some of their inmates out each summer and pays for the board of these. Many wealthy and influential men and women are advisers and donors to the Home.

¶ The National League on Urban Conditions in New York City offered a prize for the best examination in elementary economics and sociology and the best review of Devine's "Misery and It's Causes." Miss Madree Penn of Howard University received the first prize of $50 and Maynard H. Jones of Morehouse College was awarded the second prize of $25. Virginia Union University was the other school to compete.

¶ A twelve-year-old colored girl waved a train down because she saw "something

FOURTH OF JULY AT FALL RIVER, MASS.

funny" on the track. The heat had caused a "sun kink" on the rail and the child's action probably averted a serious wreck.

¶ The Indianapolis Y. M. C. A. which went into its new building in July, 1913, has had a successful year. There are eight hundred members in the men's department and 175 in the boys' department. The educational and physical departments have been largely attended.

¶ Many colored women of Boston are engaged in successful businesses. They have grocery stores, dressmaking and tailoring establishments, boarding houses, etc.

¶ The Baltimore *Colored Man* recently published a special Negro Press Association number of sixteen pages.

¶ The colored people of Fall River, Mass., participated in the Fourth of July parade with the float pictured here. The *News*, a local white paper, said: "The mottoes on the colored men's floats reminded the thousands who read them that from 'King Street, Boston,' up to the present time the Negro has been an heroic sharer in our national life." The Colored Men's Association marched in front of the float.

¶ A colored porter was killed on the Illinois Central railroad at New Orleans by bandits, while defending the passengers.

¶ The publishing house of the Colored Methodist Episcopal Church will be moved from Jackson, Tenn., to Birmingham, Ala.

¶ Arnold Trottman, a colored man who holds a medal for life saving from the Royal Humane Society of London, rescued a Scandinavian from drowning in the Delaware river.

¶ The colored ferryman saved the lives of three white persons whose automobile ran off of Lamb's Ferry barge in Elizabeth City, N. C.

¶ The town of Okmulgee, Okla., with a colored population of 4,000 in the whole population of 10,000, has sixteen colored professional men and more than thirty-one business enterprises. Most of the colored people own their homes and rent much property to the white people.

EDUCATION

THE National Baptist Theological Seminary will be located in Memphis, Tenn.

¶ The colored men's branch of the Y. M. C. A. held an interesting summer school, July 8-22, at Arundel-on-the-Bay, Md., including instruction in the various branches of the Y. M. C. A. work.

¶ Blyden Yates, a colored boy, received the Bachelor's degree from the University of Kansas at the age of eighteen years.

¶ An authoritative statement sent out from Tuskegee says:

"Some months ago, Mr. Julius Rosenwald provided sufficient money with which to erect six rural school houses in the South on

condition that the people raised as much money as he gave and even more if possible. The experiment proved so successful that Mr. Rosenwald was pleased and has arranged for a still larger number of rural school houses to be built on the same plan.

"The plans have not as yet been made as to the exact location of the school houses nor as to the number of school houses that will be attempted to be built each year. These details are being worked out now, but Mr. Rosenwald has given those in charge of the matter of building school houses wide authority to exercise their judgment as to the number and location of school houses. As soon as a definite and comprehensive plan has been worked out, it will be placed before Mr. Rosenwald with the view of giving it to the public later on.

"In working out this scheme especial care will be used to see that in trying to help the various rural communities, the public school authorities are not relieved of doing their special duty of supporting the public school; in fact, the plan is to so use the money given by Mr. Rosenwald as to induce the public school authorities to give more largely for school house erection and extension of school terms."

¶ Joseph Welsh, one of the four colored students in the graduating class of one hundred and twenty from the Montclair (N. J.) High School, received a scholarship of $120. Mr. Welsh is a married man and supports a family.

¶ John F. Williams, a colored student of the New Haven (Conn.) High School has made a brilliant record in debating. He was the only colored boy in a class of 470 students and has been appointed President of the triple debating union of the Meriden, Middletown and New Haven High Schools. He has passed the examinations at Yale and will enter the Sheffield Scientific School in the fall.

¶ Miss Sarah M. Jones, a colored teacher of Sacramento, Cal., has resigned after thirty-five years of service. Miss Jones has been principal in one of the large public schools, with colored and white pupils, for twenty years.

¶ Successful summer schools have been held at Tuskegee, the State School at Orangeburg, S. C., the Nashville Normal, Wilberforce and elsewhere. The school at Wilberforce was unusually enjoyable and instructive. James Vernon Herring, the art instructor, held a very interesting exhibit of his landscapes; F. J. Work and his chorus gave selections from the Elijah, and Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois lectured on Industry, Money and Socialism. Dean L. B. Moore of Howard was director.

MUSIC AND ART

AT the annual Musical Festival of the Litchfield County Choral Union, which was given early in June at Norfolk, Conn., a new orchestral rhapsody by the late S. Coleridge-Taylor had its initial hearing, besides Jean Sibelius' new "Rondo of the Waves." The later was conducted by Finland's great composer, who came to conduct his work at the festival.

¶ At the thirteenth Spring Festival of the Keene Chorus Club of Keene, N. H., Coleridge-Taylor's "Tale of Old Japan" was the choral work for the opening performance.

¶ Miss Kitty Cheatham, the American diseuse of southern birth, who again appeared before American audiences this year, with the New York Philharmonic Society and the Philadelphia Orchestra, and before a number of the greater universities, tells in *Musical America* of her recent southern tour and particularly of her visit to Fisk University. Miss Cheatham spoke to the students on the value of the Negro spirituals, sang "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," and recited poems by Paul Lawrence Dunbar. Of the singing by the Fisk students she says: "No one who has not heard it can ever imagine the effect. It came from their hearts and was a rare moment. I have never heard anything like it and shall always remember it as an exceptional experience."

While in Nashville, Miss Cheatam was visited by the late Mrs. Ella Shepperd Moore, the pianist of the original Fisk Jubilee Singers.

¶ Mr. Roland Hayes, tenor, was heard at a musical given by the Green Acre Conference on July 29. Other artists of color who appeared on the program were Miss C. Adelphi Boger, contralto; Mr. Clarence C. White, violinist, assisted by Mr. Charles W. Harris, accompanist.

¶ A late publication is Andrew Wilkinson's "Plantation Stories of Old Louisiana." The purpose of the work, it is claimed, is to assist in preserving the Negro Folk Lore of America.

MEETINGS

THE National Negro Business League held its fifteenth annual session at Muskogee, Okla., August 19-21.

¶ The annual session of the Grand Fountain, U. O. T. R., will convene in Richmond, Va., on September 8.

¶ The National Alliance of Postal Clerks held its second annual session at St. Louis, Mo., on August 6, 7 and 8.

¶ The National Baptist Convention will meet in Philadelphia from September 9 to 15.

¶ Several hundred delegates attended the National Negro Civic League at Kansas City, Mo., on August 3.

¶ The National Association of Colored Women's Clubs met at Wilberforce, Ohio, August 4-8. There were four hundred delegates and visitors, among them Zona Gale, the English author. Ohio newspapers sent special representatives.

¶ The annual convention of the Northeastern Federation of Colored Women's Clubs convened in New Bedford, Mass., on July 22. The New Bedford Home for Aged is under the direction of the Woman's Loyal Union of that city.

¶ Masons from all over the country met in Pittsburg, Pa., in July.

¶ The seventh annual convention of the National Independent Political League is to be held in New York City, September 7-9. Correspondence relative thereto should be addressed to Rev. Byron Gunner, Hillburn, N. Y., or to Mr. W. M. Trotter, 49 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.

PERSONAL

DR. CHARLES H. ROBERTS of New York will speak on the subject "The Teeth of the American Negro" at the sixth International Dental Congress which meets at London in August.

¶ A. B. Johnson, the only colored employee of a hotel at Far Rockaway, N. Y., is night clerk with white subordinates.

¶ E. J. Graham, Jr., a colored lawyer, has been elected Justice of the Peace for Clay District, Wheeling, W. Va., and Thomas Williams, another colored man, has been elected Constable in the same district.

¶ Prince Joseph Wolugembe, of an old and powerful house of full-blooded African rulers, is expected to visit New York soon. Prince Wolugembe is a cousin to King Daudi Chua of Uganda. When he arrives a reception in his honor will be held by Cardinal Farley.

¶ Mrs. N. F. Mossell, a colored woman of Philadelphia, has been appointed as one of the speakers in the Woman's Suffrage Campaign to be carried on in the State of Pennsylvania, by the Pennsylvania Suffrage Association. The governor also appointed Mrs. Mossell as delegate to the National Civic Movement Convention in Kansas City, Mo.

¶ George W. Carver, Director of the Department of Research and the Experiment Station at Tuskegee Institute, has been appointed food and drug inspector under the laws of Alabama.

¶ Mrs. Ella Sheppard Moore, one of the original Fisk Jubilee Singers, died in Nashville, Tenn., in June. Up to a short time before her death Mrs. Moore was very active in keeping up interest in the Jubilee songs in colored schools. On June 3 she was the commencement speaker at Trinity School in Athens, Ala., and sang one of the Jubilee songs.

¶ William Pearl Holland of LaRue, Ohio, a colored printer, won the first prize for efficiency in type-setting and composition at the recent meeting of the International Typographical Union in Zanesville, Ohio. The prize was a trip to the Panama Exposition with all expenses paid.

¶ Mrs. Elizabeth Dupree, the wife of Col. William H. Dupree, died in Boston, July 3.

FOREIGN

THE Honorable H. I. C. Brown, the colored Registrar of the Supreme Court of Jamaica, has been appointed to act as Judge of the Kingston Court. Another colored man, Dr. Lanson Gifford, has been appointed to act as Superintending Medical Officer and Chairman of the Quarantine Board of Kingston, and Chairman of the Board of Health.

¶ H. C. Rolins, a colored man of Kingston, Jamaica, was graduated in July from the University of Edinburgh with the degree of M. B. C. H. B.

THE COURTS

VICTORIA POINDEXTER, an aged colored woman of Franklin Co., Va., who can neither read nor write, borrowed $150 from J. P. Buckner, a white man and signed, in her ignorance, a deed of bargain and sale conveying her property to Buckner for $1,000. The property was worth $2,000 and

the woman had refused an offer made by Buckner of $1,500 for it. The court gave a verdict to the effect that the deed was valid and imposed the cost of the case upon the old woman.

¶ The State Public Utility Commission has sent a letter to the Illinois Central Railroad Company saying that there must be no separate cars in Illinois for white and colored passengers. Discrimination had been complained of to the governor.

¶ Alexander Waller, a colored man of Albany, N. Y., was awarded $100 damages because a saloon keeper wanted to charge him a dollar for a drink.

¶ A case was recently tried in the Juvenile Court of Washington, D. C., concerning a white woman who is now married to a colored man but has a son by a former white husband. Attempts were made to find that this boy did not have a proper home, but this could not be verified and the colored step-father said that he was able and willing to take care of the boy, as he had been doing. Finally, because of some rumored illicit relation of the boy's mother with a colored man years before, in Virginia, the child was taken from her and committed to the Board of Children's Guardians.

¶ The Louisville and Nashville Railroad Company has been fined $500 in the Christian County (Ky.) circuit court for failing to provide equal accommodations for white and colored passengers.

¶ The United States Supreme Court upheld the decision of the Tennessee Supreme Court that ex-slaves or colored people born during slavery, have no right to inherit from each other.

¶ Through the efforts of the Baltimore Branch of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, the indictment against James Jenkins for violating the separate car law by refusing to take a seat in a coach set aside for colored people on the Washington, Baltimore and Annapolis Railroad, was thrown out in the criminal court.

THE GHETTO

A SEGREGATION ordinance has been introduced into the City Council of Birmingham, Ala.

¶ The Howard High School of Wilmington, Del., was refused the use of the Playhouse, the largest theatre in the city, by the local managers and only succeeded in procuring it by appealing to William A. Brady, the New York manager.

¶ A mob of a thousand white people bombarded the newly purchased home of Mrs. M. E. Montague, a colored woman, in a white block in Philadelphia. They used bricks, stones and firearms. Several of the leaders of the mob were arrested.

¶ John G. Holton, a colored man, took the examination for the Philadelphia Fire Department, made an average of 82.7 and was placed eighteenth on the list of eligibles. He was sent for to be sworn in and rejected because he was colored with the excuse that the white men would refuse to work with him.

¶ In the town of Nogales, Ariz., three colored troops of cavalry are stationed and many of the soldiers' families live in the town; there are also several large property owners among the colored people. The colored children of this town have absolutely no school to attend as the state law requires separate schools for white and colored children and the town authorities refuse to furnish a school or a teacher, claiming that there are not enough colored children to justify the expense.

¶ It is said that the Southern Pacific Steamship Company, New Orleans, which has always used colored labor to good advantage, is now placing foreigners in the place of the colored men.

¶ Lillian Spuarlock, a ten-year-old colored child, was turned away from the Sherman School playground in Cincinnati, Ohio, where she had been accustomed to play, on account of color.

¶ The authorities of the Fresh Air Camp of Montgomery, Ala., threatened to bar colored people from the camp because they were not contributing sufficiently to its support. The Dexter Avenue Baptist Church in that place raised $25 at the first collection for this purpose and promises a small donation every month.

¶ Certain organizations of white citizens are protesting because colored citizens are permitted to visit the Overton Park and Zoo in Memphis, Tenn., one day a week.

¶ Representative Frank Park, of Georgia, has introduced a bill into the House making it unlawful for commissions in the Army or Navy to be granted to colored people under any circumstances.

¶ A colored socialist speaking at Rosephine, La., was warned by the agents of the Long-

Bell Lumber Company to leave the place if he cared to live. When a protest was made the County Attorney said that he would never prosecute any white man for running a Negro out of town.

¶ Mrs. Ethel Clark, a colored woman of Boston, is in the hospital at St. Louis, Mo., in a serious condition as a result of assault by a conductor on a trolley car. Being unfamiliar with the transfer system of St. Louis, Mrs. Clark asked for a transfer upon the wrong line. The conductor swore and refused her the transfer. When she protested against his language and manner and took his number he threw her from the car. He was arrested.

CRIME

THE following colored men have been lynched since the last report: At Lake Cormorant, Miss., James Bailey, accused of stealing two mules. At Elloree, S. C., Rosa Carson, a woman, accused of beating a white child to death. Near Robinsonville, Miss., James Robinson, accused of implication in the murder of a white man. Near Manack, Ala., an unidentified Negro, accused of running amuck among the farms of that section. At Shaw, Miss., Jennie Collins, who refused to allow a mob to search her house. At Eufala, Okla., Crockett Williams, charged with the murder of an Indian.

¶ A number of militiamen at Gordonsville, Va., attempted to break into the jail and lynch James Addison, a half-witted colored man, who had attacked a certain white militiaman. United States troops prevented the crime.

¶ Sheriff Jones of Bay Springs, Miss., prevented a mob from lynching a colored man, Moses Johnson, whom they charged with robbing a pay car. One colored man has been lynched for this offense.

¶ A crowd of two hundred armed men surrounded the jail at Harriston City, Pa., where a colored man accused of assault upon a white girl was imprisoned. The militia arrived in time to prevent violence.

¶ Joseph Dixon, a colored man, went into a saloon in Cairo, Ill., and brandished a knife. The white bartender, Henry Weakley, shot Dixon, who died from the wound several hours later. Dixon claimed that he was only playing with the bartender as he had often done before. At the coroner's inquest, Weakley was exonerated on the plea of self-defense.

¶ The death sentence of Luther Tyler, a young colored man of Goochland County, Va., accused of assaulting a white woman, has been commuted to life imprisonment because of new evidence which has aroused serious doubt as to the identity of the prisoner.

¶ William Miller, a young colored man of Staunton, Va., has been sentenced to seven years imprisonment, charged with assault upon a white woman.

¶ Police Detective Fred L. Kreugle of Richmond, Va., has been discharged from the service for killing Samuel Thomason, a colored man, without cause.

¶ Robert Harris, who was charged with murder in La Junta, Cal., has been acquitted. In an attempt to protect his father and mother, he killed two policemen who invaded their home without cause in 1911.

¶ In a fight between the two boys in Macon, Ga., Alex Nottingham, a white boy, killed Robert Miller, a fifteen-year-old colored boy, by stabbing him through the heart. There is no record of an arrest in the white papers. One simply states "The lad deeply regretted the Negro's death."

¶ Edward Marshall, the white man who attempted some time ago to rob the colored Atlanta, Georgia, Savings Bank, has been sentenced to three years in the penitentiary.

¶ Clara Hauptmann, a seven-year-old white child of Seven Stars, N. J., claimed that she was attacked in a swamp near her home by a Negro. The police, however, doubt her story; John Wright, a colored man, was arrested. He gave an accurate description of the child, said that she saw him at a distance and ran away, frightened. He denies having offered her any violence, and the child says that he was not the man. Another colored man was arrested, but he gave a satisfactory account of himself.

¶ William Parker, a colored man, was badly beaten and tied with ropes because he sat in a car leaving Alexandria, Md., beside a white woman. The white woman was seated in one of the seats set apart for colored passengers. Parker, who denied having or flourishing a pistol, was immediately taken to jail.

¶ Two white men of Guthrie, Okla., have been arrested charged with holding colored boys in peonage. One of the boys escaped recently and informed the officers; three other boys who attempted to escape were captured and received beatings that may result fatally.

MEN OF THE MONTH

A STUDENT OF MUSIC

AMONG the many recent commencement exercises, none was more unique or more gratifying from a race standpoint, than those which marked the distinguished graduation of Mrs. Elnora S. Manson from the Cosmopolitan School of Music and Dramatic Art in Chicago. The exercises were held in the Auditorium Building on June 10, and the brilliant program given on that occasion was presented by the members of ensemble department and repertoire classes in compliment to Mrs. Manson, whose record in the Academic Department of the school is a matter of pride to students and teachers alike.

Mrs. Manson was the only student of her race in the entire school, and the splendid spirit of appreciation of her shown by faculty and school is worthy of note. Mr. Henry Eames, director of the Ensemble Department, spoke in warm commendation of the quality of Mrs. Manson's work, of her literary ability, of her patient persistence in research and her adherence to the highest ideals along all lines of endeavor. He mentioned specially the last piece of work done by Mrs. Manson, before graduation. This work, "The Development of the Orchestra," has received much praise from musical critics and is now in the hands of Frederic Stock, conductor of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. The *Music News* in its report of the graduation exercises says: "Mrs. Manson well deserves the praise and honor bestowed upon her on this occasion. She is a deep student and possesses extraordinary talent, not only along musical lines, but in literature as well. She is a great credit to this school."

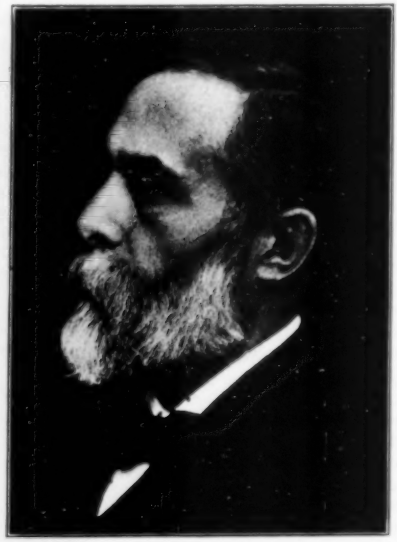
Mrs. Manson received her first impetus in this line of musical research when she was affiliated with the Choral Study Club of Chicago about eight years ago. Mr. Pedro Tinsley, then director of the club, invited Mrs. Manson to give some talks on the works rendered by the club. Her first attempt was the cantata, "The Seven Last Words of Christ," by Theodore Dubois, and later on she gave a musical analysis of the Bon-Bon Suite by S. Coleridge Taylor. These efforts were so successful that Mrs. Manson determined to give herself entirely to the work of lecture-recitals. By the friendly advice of Dr. Frank Gunsaulus and Miss Anne Shaw Falkner, the distinguished interpreter of orchestral works, Mrs. Manson entered the school from which, after six years of unremitting labor, she now emerges with such notable honors.

MRS. E. L. MANSON

Mrs. Manson is an Ohio girl, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Smith. For years she has lived in Chicago, the wife of Mr. David Manson, a representative citizen who has made for himself a remarkable place in the iron and steel business of the city.

AN ANTHROPOLOGIST.

IN the death of Dr. Alexander F. Chamberlain the Negro race loses an honest man who did not consider that science must be made the handmaiden of race prejudice despite the facts.



THE LATE DR. A. F. CHAMBERLAIN.

Dr. Chamberlain was born in England January 12, 1865. He was a graduate of Toronto University and took his Ph. D. at Clark University, Worcester, Massachusetts, in 1892. He was a member of many learned societies all over the world and a careful student of anthropology. He is known to colored people by his excellent article on the contributions of the Negro race to civilization, first published in the *Journal of Race Development*. This article will soon be republished by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and should be in the hands of every colored person in the United States and every person who is unafraid of the truth.

Dr. Chamberlain died in the midst of his work at the early age of forty-eight.

A JOURNALIST.

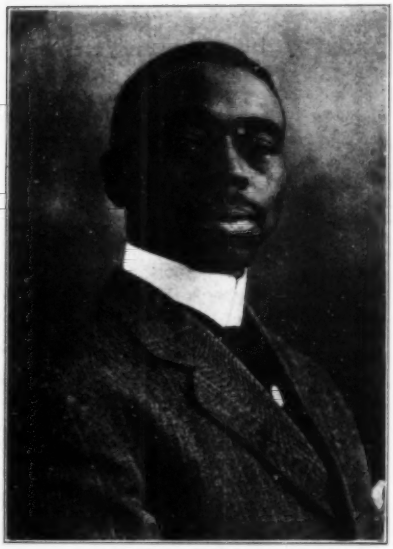
NATHANIEL B. DODSON, of Brooklyn, is the son of the late Armstead and Lucy Carnard Dodson, of Boydton, Va. He was reared on his father's farm and received his early education at the New Liberty and the Shiloah public schools of Mecklenburg County, taught by the late Southall Townes and James A. Gayles, respectively.

After finishing at the latter school he taught in 1886-7. In the spring of 1887 he came to Brooklyn and was employed to run an elevator in the old Pierrepont House, which was at the time the leading hotel in Brooklyn. In the fall and winter, from 1887 to 1889 he attended the Boydton, Va., Institute at his home, returning to his same position at the Pierrepont House during his vacation until his graduation from the Boydton Institute with the class of '89.

Having the desire to obtain a higher education he matriculated for the senior class at Wayland Seminary in Washington (now the Virginia Union University, Richmond, Va.), where he graduated in 1891 as class salutatorian. He continued his studies in the academic department at Wayland for a year and returned to Brooklyn and became night clerk in the Pierrepont House.

In 1895-96 Mr. Dodson was engaged with a company of men as manager in the grocery business in Brooklyn. After giving up this business he found employment at the American Press Association, New York, in 1897, as general inside messenger, telephone operator and confidential man to the president. He rendered faithful and valuable service in this work. In 1907 he suggested to the president of the American Press Association the idea of starting a weekly plate service for the use of papers published by the colored people. The late Major Orlando J. Smith, founder and president of the firm until his death in the fall of 1908, took kindly to the suggestion of Mr. Dodson and sent for Mr. Thomas T. Fortune, editor of the *New York Age*, with whom he discussed the matter at length.

No action, however, was taken at the time but Mr. Dodson kept the matter prominently



MR. N. B. DODSON.

before the firm. After the death of Major Smith, the matter was again taken up with Mr. Courtland Smith who became the General Manager of the firm upon the death of his father. Mr. Courtland Smith gave his consent to the proposition and on January 4, 1909, Mr. Dodson started the *Afro-American Page*, a six-column illustrated weekly news service of which he is still the editor and manager.

Other positions of trust and responsibility held by Mr. Dodson are, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the National Negro Press Association, member of the Executive Committee of the Brooklyn Branch of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and President of the New England Baptist Sunday School Convention.

Mr. Dodson has a wife and six children.

FAITHFUL

CLEM PAGE died recently in Toledo, Ohio. He was for thirty-three years caretaker for the Merchants National Bank. The following paragraphs, written by the bank president's son, appeared in a local paper:

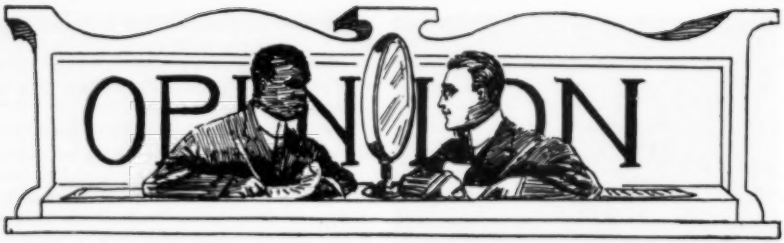
"It was never mine to know an honester man, either white or colored, nor one in whom the cardinal virtues of simplicity and truth were more sacred and inviolate. He was a man of the most kindly impulses, and to him no sacrifice was ever too great when the welfare or pleasure of others was at stake. . . .

"When bowed by the weight of years, and his weary footsteps told the mute but touching story of a life worn by hardships and exacting toil, the radiant smile of sincerity and good cheer never forsook his countenance, and he passed from earth to whatever reward awaits those who have done far more for others than they in turn seemed willing to do for him. . . .

"The deceased was a veteran of the Civil War. He was honorably discharged from service in the Union Army by order of the authorities at Washington, in 1865. At the outbreak of the rebellion he joined a Mississippi regiment of colored volunteers and fought in several desperate conflicts wherein national renown won its highest record and victory was achieved at the cost of many precious lives. . . .

"Poor, honest, faithful, valiant Page. I knew him well, and his memory will ever remain an inspiration, as though from some cherished legend of yore, to all honest men who were thus so happily favored."

THE LATE CLEM PAGE.



THE LAZY NEGRO

MODERN AFRICAN DEVELOPMENT

Mr. E. D. Morrell, an English student of West African affairs has a striking paper in the *Nineteenth Century and After* from which we quote the following passages:

"Experience suggests that there is some indestructible element in Negro blood: that the Negro can survive even the slave trade and a Leopold the Second. 'A great race,' as Mary Kingsley said, 'not destined to pass off the stage of human affairs.' And, too, history has thrown into strong relief a singular power inherent to this race. No white people can interfere with the Negro and shake him off again. He clings, somehow: just as his country, once entered, beckons. The mere haunting of the Western Coasts of Africa with ships, and the organization, mainly from their decks, of slave hunts and barterings, has profoundly affected mankind. To speak only of positive, tangible effects which may be seen, it has resulted in the presence to-day of twenty-four and a half millions of Negroes and Negroids in the New World. It has created what is, perhaps, the most formidable social problem which any white people has to face. It has brought into existence one of the world's greatest industries—the cotton trade. * * *

"The African peoples are being whirled along at an incredible speed into the uncharted spaces of the future. The European Powers which have the reins in hand are finding themselves compelled to handle with embarrassing precipitancy problems which, in Europe, took several centuries to mature.

"Of these problems, one surpasses all the rest in fundamental significance. Is the economic future, and, consequently, the racial future, of the tropical African native to be one of dependence or independence? In other words, is he to exploit the riches of the soil and cultivate the land under his own national systems, or is the white man to become the exploiter and the African the hired laborer (or the slave) of the more mentally advanced European? Economic in its essence, the problem is, nevertheless, for the white over-lords of the African tropics, a problem not of economics only, but of morality and statesmanship in the true meaning of those much abused terms. For the African everything is involved in the answer to that question. For him the problem is the spinal column of the present and of the time to be. The free usage and enjoyment of his land; the preservation of his polity, his social life; his moral, material, and spiritual development; the part which he is to play in the world under the new dispensation—all are bound up in its solution.

"A widespread, rooted fallacy may induce the reply that the native of Africa is himself incapable of developing his land. It will be argued that he possesses neither the requisite capital nor the requisite brains, nor the requisite energy. Under cover of that popular fallacy, white exploiters of human labor have committed great crimes and great errors in Africa, as detestable as they are stupid. * * *

"Not only is trade the breath in the nostrils of the West African races, but the world is more and more indebted to them on that very score. Export industries of increasing value to white mankind have sprung up in West Africa which the West African has himself created and which he prosecutes in co-operative fashion without the assistance of European capital, except in so far as it is indirectly utilized.

"The most considerable of these native industries at present is the exploitation of the oil-palm. * * *

"Towards the close of the eighteenth century, when the slave-trade was smitten with

impending dissolution, it occurred to a firm of British merchants to obtain some of the oil from the natives and ship it home. Its value was at once recognized. A regular export industry began, the natives responding with alacrity to the demand. With the disappearance of the slave-trade the industry grew rapidly. A return issued through the House of Commons in 1845 showed that the quantity of palm-oil exported from West Africa to the United Kingdom had increased from 283 tons in 1800 to 5,300 tons in 1820; 15,000 tons in 1840, and 25,000 tons in 1845. In 1865 the export had grown to 35,000 tons. About that time another British merchant firm conceived the idea of shipping home the nuts as well as the oil contained in the outer covering. A demand immediately arose. Since then the palm-oil and palm-kernel oil industry has increased in enormous proportions. Liverpool, which is the European import centre for palm-oil, as Hamburg is for palm-kernels, imported 80,000 tons of oil last year and 23,826 tons of kernels. Hamburg imported no less than 256,618 tons of kernels. In the last two years the natives of British West Africa have produced palm-oil and kernels to the sterling value of just under ten millions, and the natives of West Africa under German and French protection have produced just under two millions sterling of these articles. In the last two years, then, European and American industries have been indebted to the West African free producer for 12,000,000*l.* of this particular raw material alone. This export has demanded, in turn, a corresponding increased output of manufactured goods to pay for it, thus benefiting other industries in Europe and America.

"Here then is a striking object-lesson of what the West African native is capable, working as a trader and a free man.

"We have heard a good deal about slave-grown cocoa. But how many Englishmen are acquainted with the romance of free-grown cocoa in one of their own West African dependencies? How many Englishmen are aware that their African protected subjects in the Gold Coast and Ashanti, working for themselves on their own national lands, have succeeded, in a phenomenally short space of time, in placing that British Colony and Protectorate actually at the head of the cocoa-exporting countries of the world? Yet such is the fact, and the story should go far to convince even the most obstinate skeptic of the Negro's capabilities that *in a natural setting of circumstances and conditions* this maligned race can accomplish wonders, provided it is given a chance. * * *

"In 1890 the Gold Coast Administration made up for many political errors by a most excellent economic measure. It created an agricultural and botanical station in a carefully selected spot and distributed young plants and pods of the cocoa tree gratuitously. Four years later the native farmers produced 20,312 pounds of cocoa, valued at £547. By 1900 the plantations yielded 1,200,794 pounds, valued at £27,280. By 1904 the value of the output was £200,025. In 1908 it rose to £540,821. Last year the Gold Coast headed the list of cocoa-producing countries with an export of 88,987,324 pounds, valued at £1,613,468. * * *

"Let us look into it a little more closely to appreciate how astonishing is the feat of the small cultivator, the unlettered African farmer. In most of the cocoa-producing countries everything which white brains and capital could do to bring the industry to its highest state of development and perfection has been done. * * *

"The Gold Coast farmer had no capital, no machinery, no up-to-date appliances, no railways, no transport animals, few roads. Armed with nothing better than an axe and a *machete*, he attacked the mighty virgin forest. He smote it this way and that, carving from its shady depths vast clearings. Wielding a locally made hoe—his one agricultural implement—he covered those clearings with cocoa-farms, and in some parts of the colony is continuing the process with such vigor that, in his energy (this lazy African!), he is endangering the future by too wholesale felling, and will have to be restrained, in his own and the general public interest, by tactful legislation. He has rolled his casks full of beans to the sea for miles and miles; or carried them on his solid cranium. To-day the homeward-bound liner pitches uncomfortably for hour after hour in the trough of the sea off the low-lying palm-fringed shore dotted with its old-time castles of grey stone, while lighters and canoes, crammed with the product of this free and honorable labor, rush through the serf to greet her, manned by the chanting boatmen whose muscles ripple beneath their glossy skin as they dig their three-pronged paddles into the curling waves. And, with all his

handicaps, the despised African has beaten all his competitors. 'This remarkable development,' said the late Sir John Rodger, Governor of the Gold Coast some years ago, when the cocoa output was but a third of what it has become, 'has been carried out with only slight assistance from the Government agricultural staff, and entirely by native, not by European, planters. I know of no other country of which this can be said, and I think that the natives of the Gold Coast deserve the highest credit.' Sir Hugh Clifford, the present Governor, has recently recorded his opinion in equally emphatic terms:

"'To-day, it is gratifying to recall, this colony occupies the position of the premier cocoa-producing country of the world. *When it is remembered that cocoa-cultivation is, in the Gold Coast and in Ashanti, a purely native industry—that there is hardly an acre of European-owned cocoa-garden in the territories under the administration of this Government—this remarkable achievement of a unique position as a producer of one of the world's staples assumes, in my opinion, a special value and significance.*' * * *

"To-day the Uganda farmer has put 100,000 acres of land under cotton—each farmer working 'on his own.' The export of lint, which was 725 tons in 1909, rose to 2,473 tons in 1911. It is estimated that the crop this year will be somewhere near 50,000 bales of 400 lb. each which, with the seed, will be worth roughly three-quarters of a million sterling. The whole of the crop has been grown by the natives on their farms, and they are well satisfied with the price they obtain. * * *

"So here again the Uganda experiment is conclusive as to the willingness and the ability of the native of tropical Africa to utilize his land fruitfully to the world's advantage, *provided he works for himself on his own plot under his own methods.* In Northern Nigeria the industrious Hausa has grown cotton for upwards of a thousand years, and not only grown it but weaved it on narrow looms of his own manufacture into handsome and enduring cloths, dyed it with indigo of his own growing, and embroidered the finished product with elaborate and really beautiful designs. In the Kano province particularly, which is almost as large as Scotland, with a population of 2,500,000, the cultivation of cotton is accompanied by a true national industry of weaving, dyeing, manufacture, and embroidery, which gives healthy employment to tens of thousands of African men, women, and children, adds dignity, interest, and wealth to the life of the people, and sustains several other branches of industrial activity, binding the agriculturist and the artisan in the close relationship of a common utilitarian interest. I confidently recommend a journey through Kano province as an antidote to the popular delusion about the African's 'incapacity to work.' Nowhere in France or Belgium have I seen anything more remarkable in the way of cultivation. * * *

"The tropical African native is neither the half-child nor half-devil of popular imagination. He is at bottom a keen man of business, a trader, and an agriculturist. In the measure in which this is recognized the modern intervention of the white race in tropical Africa will be a success or disaster to both white and black."

A COLLECT

FROM THE APRIL GLEBE

Horace Traubel is one of the few modern prophets who dares think straight on the race problem. Indeed, dares think at all. Read this from one of his collects in the *Glebe*:

"What is the color of your skin? Are you a child of the sun or a child of the snow? Do you come with red in your face? Or is there a shadow across your head? Are you the white child of a black mother or the black child of a white mother? I see your brown red right hand. How warm it feels to me. I look into your glowing equatorial eyes. How like being led to fathers and mothers that is. You bring me north, south, east, west. You guide yourselves to me. You distribute me among yourselves. I am your child no matter how. Your child no matter where. There are seas everywhere. But there is no sea between us. * * *

"Dear prouds and humbles: by God I'm yours and you're mine. Do you believe that anything can take you from me or take me from you? I meet you. I read about you. I am told all the terrible truths. But everything draws me nearer. Nothing drives me away. If you could be less to me than I am to myself then I would have to be more

to myself than I could be to you. That would violate my democracy. That would be setting one thing above another. When I elevate myself with all I am a democrat. When I lift myself above the rest I am a tyrant. Listen to me. You who are reading what I write. Maybe you are black. Maybe you are pink or white or yellow. Maybe you are between or across. All that goes with maybe. But when you are my brother there is no maybe to it. If I could look at any man and not see his mother as my own I'd be false to all motherhood. If I could look at any woman and not see her father as my own I'd be false to all fatherhood. I'm not satisfied with one mother. I want all mothers. Nor with one father. I want all fathers. Nor with my children. I want all children. I'm not satisfied with one color. I want all colors. Nor with one race. I want all races. Nor with one language. I want all languages. My hunger is fiercely universal. I'm not fed till I've eaten at every table. I can only know one woman by knowing all women. I can only know one people.

"What is the color of your skin? I see. You are a nigger. You are a damned dago. You are the man on the other side of the wall. The man over somewhere. The yellow peril. The ignorant dirty emigrant. The two for a quarter six for a half dollar mill slave. There is a border line between us. There are incomes between us. There is a whole code of manners between us. You are the godforsaken Polack. You are the hook-nosed Jew. You are the monkeyfaced Irishman. You are the beerguzzled deutscher. I call you names. I can't see you. You are in the next yard. The stars look just as well from the next yard. But I insist upon the exclusive astronomy of my own garden. I smell your stale clothes. I am choked by the aromas of your foul kitchens. Would you like your sister to marry an African? I'm not fussy. I'm only a man. A white man. I don't draw lines ferninst you. I only draw lines in favor of myself. Do you mean to say you think these ignoramuses as good as yourself? Do you tell me that you're no better than the herd? Nonsense. There's the nietzschean word for it. The average man is the herd. The awkward big-fisted loon. The idiot crowd. The people everybody kicks. The folks everybody despises. The men, women, children you wouldn't invite into your home. I use them. Ride them. Make money off them. But that's all I want of them. Just the robber money. Not the man love. * * *

"A woman heard me expressing my race faith. She asked me: 'How would you like to have a grandchild with a black skin?' That was it. That was the whole devilish poisonous story. The entire problem prejudice in a nutshell. She didn't ask: How would you like to have a grandchild with a black soul? That would have meant something. But she wasn't interested in souls. She was interested in skins. How would I like to have a grandchild with a black skin? What is the color of your skin?

"What is the color of your skin? Maybe you have a black skin and a white heart? Maybe you have a white skin and a black heart. I don't know. We talk about the yellow peril when we think of Asia. And we talk about the brown peril when we think of Italy. And we talk about the black peril when we think of South Carolina. But all of us are afraid to talk of the white peril. I see no perils. My arms reach out to all. I want the Chinaman to possess himself of the earth if he's an earth man. Let him freely pass right and left testing himself and us. Don't put up pennywise barriers built on poundfoolish laws. Rather do anything than stop your fraternities short of the total census of man. Every interfering sea, every contradicting statute, every countercheeking prejudice, every adventure in money-making, that nullifies the international inference is a slap in the face of brotherhood. Damn up the human stream. Then you damn down the soul. * * *

"I would only be worthy of serving if I was worthy of being served. I would only cease being a peril if I ceased calling others perilous. How could I be worthy of being a white man if I was too good to be a black man? Ethiopia cries out loud to Scandinavia. India cries out loud to England. All the peoples cry out loud from everywhere to all the peoples. There is no peril in peoples."

A CONGRESSIONAL DEBATE

MORE EXPOSITIONS The colored people of Illinois are asking Congress for $150,000 to celebrate Emancipation. Hearing of this Giles B. Jackson, a colored man of Richmond, Va., who has been accused of very disreputable practises, has appealed to Congress for $55,000 to en-

able him and some other folks associated with him also to celebrate. The Virginia congressman took to the proposal kindly. Martin, of Virginia, said:

"I simply want to submit this matter to the sense of justice and the generosity of the Senate. It comes in a somewhat irregular way, but it has appealed to me very strongly. I live in the South, and have lived among the Negro population all my days. I know them and I know their weaknesses and their strong points. They have many strong points, and they have accomplished a great deal. They have been struggling against the most difficult circumstances; and I think that they have made a progress that is almost astounding, considering the opportunities which they have had. They wish to celebrate their achievements during the 50 years of their freedom."

Vardaman of Mississippi remarked:

"The white people have assisted them (the Negroes) in every possible way, except to make citizens or voters of them, and, of course, that ought not to be done and, indeed, will never be done. I am perfectly willing to help develop the Negro along certain lines. I wish him well; but I do not think any good will result from this appropriation."

Congressman White retorted:

"He has been our burden in the past; he was our burden when he was a slave; and yet, Mr. President, he contributed wonderfully to our race. We can point to as fine a race of white men as ever lived from the South, and those men received from the toil and sacrifice of the Negroes the means with which they educated and accomplished. We are grateful to him for what he has done, and we are willing to show our gratitude by way of urging this appropriation for their benefit and to show the world what they have accomplished since acquiring freedom.

"But, Mr. President, we are more truly grateful to them for what they did for us during the struggle in which their freedom was the issue than for what they did for us in other times. When all the colored man had to do to obtain his freedom was to cross the line and take up arms against our section, he stood by our side and fought our battles with us. He camped with us at night; he marched with us by day; he held our horses and guarded our tents while we stood in battle line and met death by thousands. He supplied our every want; he guarded our homes and protected our women and children; he was indeed our friend. He showed his friendship and his loyalty as no other race on earth had ever done by standing by us in the hours of our trouble.

"The black men of the South carried their dead masters back to their wives; the sons who had fallen in battle back to their mothers' arms. They bore our sick and the wounded to them; and when they came bearing in their hands these precious burdens, they so endeared themselves to us that it has never been forgotten."

What a pity to waste this excellent talk on Giles Jackson!

DISFRANCHISEMENT

THE WHITE PRIMARY

There has been as yet no attempt to bring the question of white primary into the courts but it manifestly must be done in the near future. Here, for instance, in the Charlotte (N. C.) *Observer* are the rules fixed for the primary election in the State. These rules are:

"1. That the primaries be held in Mecklenburg County to express preferences for Democratic candidates for State, congressional and county, legislative and township officers.

"2. That the candidates for legislative, county, congressional and State offices and delegates to the county convention be elected by a vote of the people in the respective precincts and that such a vote be by ballot. That each precinct shall be entitled to two delegates for each vote it has in the county convention.

"3. That an executive committee of five be elected in each precinct in the primary, and that such election be by ballot.

"4. That all qualified white voters, Democratic voters, or all white voters who will be qualified to vote in the November election, who will agree to support the nominees of the primary in the general election be invited to participate in the primary."

We are reminded of the acquiesence of the great Progressive Party in this dishonorable and illegal attack on democracy. In Chicago, as the *Examiner* reports, the Rev. William T. McElveen was speaking before the church class in current events. He took up an address delivered a week before by Professor Sidney L. Gulick, of a Japanese

university, in which the American attitude toward Japan was strongly criticised.

"If Colonel Roosevelt had charge he would soon solve the problem of who shall be admitted to citizenship in the United States," said the pastor.

Instantly Mrs. McCulloch was on her feet.

"If Colonel Roosevelt didn't show any more courage in the Japanese question than he did with the Negroes in his Progressive convention, he would do no good," she exclaimed.

SEGREGATION

PROPOSALS IN CITY AND COUNTRY

Mr. Clarence Poe, who is advocating the segregation of Negroes in country districts, in a letter to the Governor of Virginia, says:

"Nor do I believe for a minute that so wise and observant a man as you believes we can rest in fancied security on the theory that the Negroes are content with social conditions as they are. I have no doubt that many Negroes to-day are perfectly sincere in saying that they do not want social equality. They know the race is too weak to get it. It is a universal rule that men seldom strive keenly for that which is absolutely beyond their reach. They strive for the next thing and then press on. When Andrew Carnegie was a poor working boy, he was not ambitious for a hundred million was all he wanted; but then he wanted a hundred thousand, then a million; then a hundred million.

"The congress at Memphis was soothed and lulled, of course, by Negroes like Booker Washington, who tell us that the Negro has no desire for social mixing and who makes us feel ashamed of our 'prejudice' against 'the color of a man's skin'—and the white people cheered and cheered and went away satisfied.

"But let me tell you this, my dear Governor: within 48 hours after the whites in Memphis heard such messages as these from Negro speakers, I went down to the Avery Chapel, the great Negro church, and saw it packed to suffocation with Negroes and mulattoes fired by an entirely different gospel—the doctrine that the Negro must break down every barrier and that every discrimination must be swept away until nothing stands in the way of intermarriage, Negro office-holding, or anything else. That is the doctrine preached by Dr. W. E. DuBois, their chief speaker (himself two-thirds white), who declares that one of the next things to work for is the repeal of all laws that prohibit the intermarriage of the races. It was the soothing voice of Washington that the whites heard at Memphis, but it was the voice of DuBois that the Negroes and mulattoes listened to, and observed, and carried away in their hearts. Are not the hands the hands of Esau but the voice the voice of Jacob?"

This, as Mr. Poe knows perfectly well, is as great a perversion of Mr. DuBois' speech as it is of his Negro blood, and yet Mr. Poe in the *South Atlantic Quarterly* pleads rather plaintively against being "denounced" as an agitator.

"I hope I shall never be classed with the bitter or destructive type of 'Negro agitators.' My whole aim in this matter has been to develop a constructive policy for the help of the white man and not a destructive policy to the hurt of the Negro. If I know my own heart I would not be unjust to the Negro. For the Shylocks and vultures of our own race who fatten financially upon his ignorance and weakness I have nothing but the utmost contempt and loathing. For all who would oppress him and keep him in peonage I have no shadow of sympathy. I believe in helping the Negro and in being just to him."

He claims, however, that the Negro has certain "advantages" over the white farmer. These advantages being "shabbier houses, meaner food and dirtier clothes," and then comes the insinuation which places Mr. Poe with Blease and Vardaman, namely, that the Negro criminal is driving the white farmer out of the rural white South. As a matter of fact the exact opposite is true. It is the white hoodlum that makes it so difficult for Negroes to live in the country districts of the South.

THE NEGRO AND OIL

MORE OKLAHOMA CASES

The Philadelphia North American has the following article:

"Indians, white men and black men are being made into millionaires almost overnight in Oklahoma these days, and Uncle Sam is acting as treasurer in this fascinating game of getting rich without doing a stroke of work. The money is pouring in a golden

stream into the hands of people who a few years ago were as poor as the proverbial small rodent in the sanctuary.

"The discovery of oil several years ago is the cause of all this, and already a number of Indians, blacks and whites are in the millionaire class, with the money still coming in in barrels full. Uncle Sam's part in this is to see that the Indians and the freedmen who own the lands get their royalty for the oil taken out. The commissioner of Indian affairs, Cato Sells, has direct charge of this get-rich-quick game, as his office looks out for the leasing of the lands belonging to the Indians and freedmen.

"The freedmen mentioned were Negro slaves held by the Creek Indians until they were freed by the civil war. Later a treaty was made between the United States and the Creek Indians whereby slaves belonging to the Creeks and their descendants were given an equal share with their former owners on the government allotment of the old Creek lands in Indian territory.

"This is how Danny Tucker, a 10-year-old Negro boy, came into possession of 160 acres of land, which has produced and is producing as much oil as any other similar area of ground in the United States, if not in the world.

"The 160 acres of land were allotted to him in 1906 for farm purposes. It is rock and hilly, no ten acres slanting the same way and is virtually unfit for farming. Two years ago one of the big oil companies obtained a lease on the allotment, with the result that apparently worthless land has become one of the richest spots in Oklahoma.

"At first Danny received $200 a month in royalties; in March last it had jumped to $6,000 a month, and now it is $6,750 a month and still going up. The production of oil on the land owned by the little Negro now amounts to 2,400 barrels daily.

"The wells completed give promise of long life, and if they do keep up, it will not be long before it will be utterly impossible for Danny to count his money. Although the colored boy is a prospective millionaire, he is paying little attention to anything but the feeding of his chickens and pigs on his father's farm."

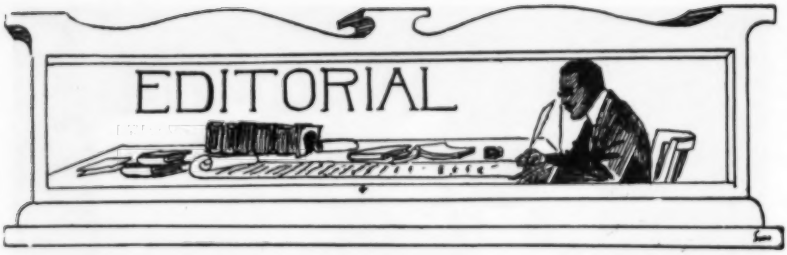
It is needless to add that a white man has been made Danny Tucker's guardian.

The special grievance of Mr. Spingarn against Dr. Washington, as given by his speech, is that under Dr. Washington's leadership the colored people have collected about $1,000,000,000 worth of property and everything else except this $1,000,000,000 worth of property has been taken from them. —*N. Y. Age.*

The editor of *The Age* is wrong. Prof. Joel E. Spingarn expressed, in his "New Abolition" speeches, no such grievances against Dr. Booker T. Washington, and our people have NOT "collected about $1,000,000,000 worth of property under Mr. Washington's leadership." It is positively silly for any one to make such a monstrously untrue statement. The great bulk of the race's property, however much it may be, was secured under the leadership of Hons. Frederick Douglass, John M. Langston, John R. Lynch, B. K. Bruce and others of their time, and the intelligent of our people, especially those of the older ones, know it.—*Cleveland Gazette.*

Eight striking personalities are treated in careful essay form in Harry Graham's "Splendid Failures," most of the studies being reprinted from the *Edinburgh Review, National Review, Dublin Review,* or *Cornhill.* Any attempt at welding together the material, as by a discussion of the causes of the failure of genius, is quite properly avoided. Theobald Wolfe Tone, now best known for his diary, which Wellington declared the most fascinating of books, figures as "The First of the Fenians"; the "Napoleon of San Domingo" is, of course, Toussaint L'Ouverture; an old gibe is revived in calling Haydon "The Cockney Raphael"; Charles Townshend is "A Shooting Star"; W. H. Betty is "The Infant Roscius"; George Smythe, "The Paladin of Young England," and Hartley Coleridge and the Emperor Maximilian complete the gallery. The word "failure" is, of course, used in not merely a relative, but a very worldly sense, and the author makes no attempt to accentuate shadows, or to deprive such men as Tone, L'Ouverture, and even the suicide, Haydon, of the admiration for moral and material achievement which is their due. And he makes clear the contrast between the inbred faults which caused Townshend and Coleridge and Smythe to pitch a flight so pitiful below their powers and the natural obstacles before Maximilian, L'Ouverture, and Tone.

COLORED SURGEON-IN-CHIEF, INTERNES AND NURSES, GENERAL CITY HOSPITAL, KANSAS CITY, MO.



DOES RACE ANTAGONISM SERVE ANY GOOD PURPOSE

THERE are four classes of reasons usually given in defense of Race Antagonism.

1. It is an instinctive repulsion from something harmful and is, therefore, a subtle condition of ultimate survival.

The difficulty with this theory is that it does not square with the facts: race antipathy is not instinctive but a matter of careful education. Black and white children play together gladly and know no prejudice until it is implanted precept upon precept and by strong social pressure; and when it is so implanted it is just as strong in cases where there is no physical difference as it is where physical differences are striking. The racial repulsion in the Balkans among peoples of practically the same blood is to-day greater than it was between whites and blacks on the Virginia plantations.

2. Racial antagonism, whether instinctive or not, is a reasonable measure of self-defense against undesirable racial traits.

This second proposition is the one which usually follows careful examination of the first. After all, it is admitted "instinct" is an unimportant fact. Instincts are simply accumulated reasons in the individual or in the race. The reasons for antagonizing inferior races are clear and may be summed up as follows:

Poor health and stamina.
Low ability.
Harmful ideals of life.

We are now on surer ground because we can now appeal to facts. But no sooner do we make this appeal than we are astonished to find that there are surprising little data: Is it true that the Negro as a physical animal is inferior to the white man or is he superior? Is the high death rate of the Indian a proof of his poor physique or is it proof of wretched conditions of life which would long ago have killed off a weaker people? And, again, is spiritual superiority always in direct proportion to physical strength in races any more than in individuals? Connected with this matter of health comes the question of physical beauty, but surely, if beauty were to become a standard of survival how small our world population would be!

It is argued, however, that it may be granted that the physical stamina of all races is probably approximately the same and that physical comeliness is rather a matter of taste and selection than of absolute racial difference. However, when it comes to intellectual ability the races differ so enormously that superior races must in self-defense repel the inferior sternly, even brutally. Two things, however, must be said in answer to this: First, the prejudice against the Jews, age long and world wide is surely not based on inferior ability. We have only to name Jeremiah, D'Israeli and Jesus Christ to set our minds at rest on that point. Moreover, if we compare the intellectual ability of Teuton and Chinese which is inferior? Or, if we take Englishman and Bantu, is the difference

a difference of native ability or of training and environment? The answer to this is simple: We do not know. But arguing from all known facts and anologies we must certainly admit in the words of the secretary of the First International Races Congress, that "an impartial investigator would be inclined to look upon the various important peoples of the world as, to all intents and purposes, essentially equals in intellect, enterprise, morality and physique."

3. Racial antipathy is a method of Race Development.

We may admit so far as physique and native ability go, that as Ratzel says: "There is only one species of man; the variations are numerous, but do not go deep." At the same time it is plain that Europe has out-stripped China in civilization, and China has out-stripped Africa. Here at least are plain facts. Is not racial antipathy a method of maintaining the European level of culture? But is it necessary for the runner to hate and despise the man he is outdistancing? Can we only maintain culture in one race by increasing barbarism in others? Does it enhance the "superiority" of white men to allow them to steal from yellow men and enslave black men and reduce colored women to concubinage and prostitution? Surely not. Admitting that in the world's history again and again this or that race has out-stripped another in culture, it is impossible to prove that inherent racial superiority was the cause or that the level of culture has been permanently raised in one race by keeping other races down.

4. Race Antipathy is a method of group specialization.

This argument admits the essential equality of races but insists on the difference in gifts and argues that antipathy between races allows each to develop its own peculiar gifts and aptitudes. Does it? That depends on the "antipathy." If antipathy means the enslaving of the African, the exploitation of the Chinese, the peonage of Mexicans and the denial of schools to American Negroes then it is hard to see where the "encouragement" comes in. If it means the generous encouragement of all men according to their gifts and ability then why speak of race "antipathy" or encourage it? Let us call it Human Uplift and Universal Brotherhood and be done with it.

Such are the arguments. Most persons use all four at once and skillfully skip from one to the other. Each argument has in other days been applied to individuals and social classes, but we have outgrown that. We apply it to-day to "races" because race is a vague, unknown term which may be made to cover a multitude of sins. After all, what is a "Race?" and how many races are there? Von Luschan, one of the greatest of modern anthropologists, says: "The question of the number of human races has quite lost its *raison d' etre,* and has become a subject rather of philosophic speculation than of scientific research." What we have on earth is men. Shall we help them or hinder them? Shall we hate and kill them or love and preserve and uplift them? Which method will do us most good? This is the real question of "Race" antipathy.

CABIRIA

IF there is one event that more than others shows the silly cowardice of the average white American editor, it is the marvelously successful staging of the moving picture "Cabiria" in New York City. Cabiria is a tale of the flaming world of the Punic Wars. Had it been done in America, every participant would have been a dead monotonous white, as witness our versions of Aida and even Othello! But D'Annunzio is Italian, born within the shadow of the Sun. We see then the noble black king, Massinissa, as well as the black slave who was superman. It is a splendid drama and the public receives it as such.

Yet what American magazine dares paint a Negro as aught but a beast, a clown, or a silly old servant?

THE STORY OF AFRICA

ONCE upon a time there lay a land in the southern seas; a dark, grim land, walled well against the world. And in that land rose three rivers and a fourth, all flowing out to seek the sea. One river was born amid the Lakes and Mountains of the Moon, sun-kissed, snow-capped, and fled to the northward silent, swiftly; it clambered over the hills and swam the marshes. It threaded the sands—the narrow, choking sands that grew hotter and narrower as it went; yet the river swept on to wider, greener fields, to a laughing plain until through many mouths it burst like a rocket to the Middle Sea with all its myriads of men.

In the wake of the river came dark men creeping, dancing, marching, building, until their pyramids and temples dotted the land and dared the Heavens, and the Thought of their souls and cities was the Beginning of the World.

Far, far away to westward another river leapt and sang and lightly turned its back upon the Sea, rushing to northward. But the grim desert shrieked in its fastnesses crying "Not here!" So the river whirled southward till the black forests cried in their gloom, "Not here!" The river bowed and circled westward. Sullenly, silently, yet proudly, she swept into the western sea. As she swept she sang low minor melody; as she sang she scattered gold carelessly to the black children. But ere she died in the depth of the sea she gave to her strongest and blackest sons, Iron—the precious gift of Iron. They fashioned it cunningly and welded it in faery forms and sent it to the ends of earth to make all men awake. And men awoke. They awoke on the cunning breast of the river's self and kingdom on kingdom arose until the empire of the Songhay rivaled the empires of the world. The sound of the might of Negro land echoed in Carthage and grew in Numidia and gave fairy tales to the Middle Sea.

Away to the south and eastward and below the Mountains of the Moon the third broad river heard her sisters hurrying seaward. North and westward they had gone but she turned to the eternal east. Golden she lifted up her golden hands and stretched to Ophir, Punt and Tarshish her long, lithe finger. Her voice rose mighty in song until with a million stars in her throat she dropped wild singing in the southern sea and shuddered to the vastness of its silence.

Her black children sat in mine, fortress, temple and flowering field and traded with dark traders beyond the India Sea, till lo: out of the north came a cry, a cry like the anguish of a soul. For back in the bowels of the land men heard the running of three rivers and rushed away madly; for they were those that would not hear and could not see. On they ran, on, on and eastward ringing their spears and crying their great, awful cry of war. As locusts swarming they passed the north of the glooming forest with its dim red faerie; eastward they looked upon the inland oceans and southward they sent their war cry reeling to the Mountains of the Moon.

There came a shouting in the wilderness and again as swarming bees onward they came, and again the war cry echoed to the stars. Over the ruin of things that were passed that black and human flood until its angry surf dashed into the vast, red Heart of the Land, and knew the haunted spell-cursed realm of the Last River. Mighty was this last of rivers—a river of rivers, an endless lacing and swirling and curling and swelling and streaming of wild, weird waters beneath the giant jungle, where the lion, the leopard and the elephant slept with the long, slim snake.

Hand in hand and voice to voice these waters whirled in one vast circle within the bosom of the land saying their in-

cantations. They shouldered past the mountains and sang past all the seas, then shunning the glaring desert and ingathering themselves to one swarming flood they thrilled and thundered on the sea. Snake-like and lion strong they gathered the children, the little dark and weeping children, and lo, beyond on swelling waters rose a hoarse, harsh cry and slim and sail-like fingers beckoned to the westward deeps. The river paused and rose red and reeking in the sunlight—thundered to the sea—thundered through the sea in one long line of blood, with tossing limbs and the echoing cries of death and pain.

On, on! the bloody waters, with those pale ghost fingers of ship and sail, with gold and iron, hurt and hell, rolled, swelled and tumbled, until the laughing islands of the western sea grew dark and dumb with pain and in the world, the great new world a Sorrow was planted and the Sorrow grew.

FIGHTING.

NOW the age in which we live is a positive, dynamic age. There are conflicts going on all about us against greed and selfishness, for the benefit (on a national scale, mind you) of ignorant and suffering humanity.

"There are some good people who decry this struggle. An eminent minister of the gospel is quoted recently as saying that fighting is the wrong way to go about the bettering of conditions. Let our reformers, he said in effect, like precious lumps of radium, sit still and emanate virtue-particles. Now I am very far from denying that the very essence of righteousness is that it can be radiated, is radiated: but how, it may be asked, is righteousness acquired. Is it acquired by one's sitting still and absorbing it? Is it to be achieved by practising a long list of 'thou shalt nots?'

"Righteousness, I believe we must all agree, is potential energy, to be won, and to be won only by buffeting one's way up a toilsome slope against enemies, against that terrible power, incarnate in mankind, which is called, for lack of a better name, evil. Righteousness is growth. The moment fighting stops, growth stops, and righteousness has ceased to radiate because it is dead.

"Which are the men who, like powerful electric generators, have radiated it so that all mankind is stirred and energized? Are they not those who were most hated and vilified in their day by the evil-minded and the close-minded, because they set their faces resolutely against complacent customs which wronged humanity and against complacent selfishness which sought to destroy it? We need go no farther for an example of this than Jesus Christ."

WINSTON CHURCHILL in the Christmas *Century*.

KING COTTON AND THE NEGRO

By JASPER ROSS

WITH brawny arms the Negro stands,
Uplifting in his sable hands
King Cotton; while about him grow
The pretty buds as white as snow.
His arms alone support, sustain,
His royal person while he reigns.
Exalt, ye nations that be prone,
Him who thus stands beneath the throne
For lo, what danger! what alarm!
Should he withdraw his mighty arm.
Pray, what if he should take away
That pow'r which gives King Cotton sway
O'er all the world; for by his right
He can withhold that which would blight
The nations all upon the globe.
For though he may not wear the robe,
Nor on the regal throne may sit,
He is the king; though black quite fit;
Despite illit'racy and birth,
To wield the scepter o'er the earth.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF COLORED PEOPLE

SEGREGATION

AT present Louisville, Ky., is the strategic point of the segregation fight. The results will be of the utmost importance and may determine if the Negro is to be segregated in the United States. If the Louisville Ordinance is held valid it may be widely copied. News comes from Birmingham, Ala., that that city after announcing its intention of passing a segregation ordinance, has decided to await the results of the Louisville and Richmond cases. The Louisville ordinance has been carefully drawn and the men who did the work believe they have avoided the defects which have made similar ordinances invalid.

After conferring with the Attorney of the National Association, and following an enthusiastic mass-meeting held in Quinn Chapel at which Dr. Spingarn and Mr. Pickens made addresses, the colored people of Louisville organized a Branch of the National Association and raised money to retain a local attorney to bring a test case under the new ordinance. This the Association is pledged to carry to the Supreme Court of the United States if necessary. The Interdenominational Ministers' Union in Louisville adopted resolutions of appreciation for the services of the Attorney of the Association. August 9 has been announced as Segregation Sunday when ministers in all churches will be asked to preach on the subject.

CONGRESS

THE legislative representative of the Association in Washington reports that the Antimiscegenation Bill scheduled for consideration on July 27 has been postponed for at least another two weeks. It is rumored that Democratic leaders are urging their Southern contingent to avoid stirring up racial antipathies this summer because of the dangerous affect such agitation may have on the voters in the pivotal states. The Anti-miscegenation Bill may get through the House but it seems highly unlikely that it can pass the Senate.

CIVIL RIGHTS

THE Association in its effort to inject life into the New York Civil Rights Act has met many difficulties. The last three months at least fifty cases have been investigated by the Attorney. In many instances the Legal Bureau has been helpless because of the absence of witnesses to the violations of the Civil Rights Act and because of the difficulty of securing people to act as witnesses in test cases brought by the Association. Better cooperation on the part of colored people is essential if the New York Civil Rights Act is to become effective. In one good case which will come up in September the plaintiff brought his witness with him. If this were done in every instance, soon the Civil Rights Act would cease to be the dead letter which it now is.

Even where witnesses have been secured cases have not always been successful. In the case of Goff vs. Polansky tried before Judge Blake in the Seventh District Municipal Court, Mr. Paul Kennaday, of the Board of Directors who acted as a witness, not only corroborated the plaintiff in every respect but testified that the defendant had stated to him that he refused to serve the plaintiff in his restaurant on account of color. This seemed a strong case yet the Court gave judgment in favor of the defendant who with one of the waitresses contradicted Mr. Kennaday's testimony.

A restaurant in Fulton Street, Brooklyn, refused to serve two young ladies. A white clergyman in Brooklyn was secured as a witness and the young ladies went back to the restaurant. The manager became suspicious that a case was being made against him and the ladies were served.

Many cases of clear discrimination cannot be pushed because they do not come within the terms of the Civil Rights Act. One of the most aggravating of these was a case of a colored man who was refused a time-table by a ticket agent on the Lehigh Valley Railroad, who told him he was not paid to serve colored people. Many complaints have been received of the refusal to accommodate colored people at the Temple Auditorium in Brooklyn where pictures of the Creation are being shown in connection with a lecture. As no admission is charged, nothing can be done.

BRANCHES

NEW branches have been chartered in Minneapolis, El Paso, Tex., Shreveport, La., Virginia Union University, and Newark, N. J.

Baltimore.

The Baltimore Branch reports a Jim-Crow car victory. An indictment against James Jenkins for violating the Separate Car Law by refusing to take a Jim-Crow seat in one of the cars of the Washington, Baltimore & Indianapolis Railway Company was quashed by Judge Elliott in the Criminal Court. Mr. McGuinn and Mr. Hawkins represented the local branch.

District of Columbia.

As a result of abolishing the U Street Sub-Station of the Post Office in Washington, a number of colored clerks lost their positions, including one man who had been long in the service and who had a military record. Mr. Grimke, the President of the District of Columbia Branch, at once took the matter up with the authorities and succeeded in getting three colored clerks reinstated in permanent positions.

Indianapolis.

The Legal Committee of the Branch has several cases on hand. Messrs. Ransom and Brokenburr report the acquital of two colored boys arraigned for carrying concealed weapons. The facts of the case are as follows: The Playground Commissioners had equipped separate swimming-pools for white and colored boys in Fall Creek, some distance from each other. The white boys objected to the colored boys swimming in any part of Fall Creek between the two pools, reserving, however, for themselves the right to this privilege and constituting themselves a special police to enforce their arbitrary rule. Conditions were aggravated by the fact that the colored boys' baseball park lies along Fall Creek between the two pools. Recently when colored boys were discovered swimming in the part of the Creek lying immediately below the white boys' pool they were attacked by a crowd of white men and boys. Later in a general fight shots were exchanged and the two colored boys were arrested. The cases were tried before Judge Newton M. Taylor, the colored boys being represented by the attorneys of the Branch. A verdict of not guilty was returned and the white boys were admonished by the Court that they had no greater right to play along and swim in Fall Creek than the colored boys.

A novel entertainment called "The Flower Garden" was given by the Branch and netted the Association a substantial sum. Spring with her heralds, girls costumed as flowers and little children dancing the minuet, were attractive features of this very original and successful affair. It was directed by Miss Norr and Miss Mary Fields.

Kansas City.

This Branch has been working successfully through several active committees. The Public Service Committee has taken up the matter of discrimination against colored people in public parks with considerable success. In the matter of Garrison Square Field House, a playground which though built for colored people was about to be given to Italians, the Committee secured a reversal of this decision and the playground will go to colored people for whom it was intended. The Legislative Redress Committee, in spite of hard work, lost their appeal to the Supreme Court in the case of a colored man named Bonner who was held on a charge of murder. The Publicity Committee has sent out during one month over 480 letters and notices in the interest of the work of the Branch. A committee of girls known at "The Clippers" have given THE CRISIS for a year to the Public libraries in Kansas City, Mo., and in Kansas City, Kans. They are especially active in local charitable work.

Quincy.

A two days' Interstate Conference on the race question was held by the Quincy Branch on July 23 and 24. Many prominent people from Chicago, Springfield, Milwaukee, and other cities attended the sessions, which opened at Bethel A. M. E. Church. Addresses were made by Mr. Charles H. Williamson and by Mr. H. E. Schmiedeskamp. At the closing session in Turner Hall a distinguished audience of white and colored people heard Dr. Du Bois. The conference succeeded beyond the best expectations of its organizers and reflects great credit on Dr. Nichols and on the Branch in the work they are doing to arouse interest in the Association in the Middle West.

St. Louis.

The St. Louis Branch recently investigated rumors of segregation in the post office and reports that these were without much foundation.

HOPE DEFERRED

By MRS. PAUL LAWRENCE DUNBAR

THE direct rays of the August sun smote on the pavements of the city and made the soda-water signs in front of the drug stores alluringly suggestive of relief. Women in scant garments, displaying a maximum of form and a minimum of taste, crept along the pavements, their mussy light frocks suggesting a futile disposition on the part of the wearers to keep cool. Traditional looking fat men mopped their faces, and dived frantically into screened doors to emerge redder and more perspiring. The presence of small boys, scantily clad and of dusky hue and languid steps marked the city, if not distinctively southern, at least one on the borderland between the North and the South.

Edwards joined the perspiring mob on the hot streets and mopped his face with the rest. His shoes were dusty, his collar wilted. As he caught a glimpse of himself in a mirror of a shop window, he smiled grimly. "Hardly a man to present himself before one of the Lords of Creation to ask a favor," he muttered to himself.

Edwards was young; so young that he had not outgrown his ideals. Rather than allow that to happen, he had chosen one to share them with him, and the man who can find a woman willing to face poverty for her husband's ideals has a treasure far above rubies, and more precious than one with a thorough understanding of domestic science. But ideals do not always supply the immediate wants of the body, and it was the need of the wholly material that drove Edwards wilted, warm and discouraged into the August sunshine.

The man in the office to which the elevator boy directed him looked up impatiently from his desk. The windows of the room were open on a court-yard where green tree tops waved in a humid breeze; an electric fan whirred, and sent forth flashes of coolness; cool looking leather chairs invited the dusty traveler to sink into their depths.

Edwards was not invited to rest, however. Cold gray eyes in an impassive pallid face fixed him with a sneering stare, and a thin icy voice cut in on his half spoken words with a curt dismissal in its tone.

"Sorry, Mr.—Er—, but I shan't be able to grant your request."

His "Good Morning" in response to Edwards' reply as he turned out of the room was of the curtest, and left the impression of decided relief at an unpleasant duty discharged.

"Now where?" He had exhausted every avenue, and this last closed the door of hope with a finality that left no doubt in his mind. He dragged himself down the little side street, which led home, instinctively, as a child draws near to its mother in its trouble.

Margaret met him at the door, and their faces lighted up with the glow that always irradiated them in each other's presence. She drew him into the green shade of the little room, and her eyes asked, though her lips did not frame the question.

"No hope," he made reply to her unspoken words.

She sat down suddenly as one grown weak.

"If I could only just stick it out, little girl," he said, "but we need food, clothes, and only money buys them, you know."

"Perhaps it would have been better if we hadn't married—" she suggested timidly. That thought had been uppermost in her mind for some days lately.

"Because you are tired of poverty?" he queried, the smile on his lips belying his words.

She rose and put her arms about his neck. "You know better than that; but because if you did not have me, you could live on less, and thus have a better chance to hold out until they see your worth."

"I'm afraid they never will." He tried to keep his tones even, but in spite of himself a tremor shook his words. "The man I saw to-day is my last hope; he is the chief clerk, and what he says controls the opinions of others. If I could have gotten past his decision, I might have influenced the senior member of the firm, but he is a man who leaves details to his subordinates, and Mr. Hanan was suspicious of me from the first. He isn't sure," he continued with a little laugh, which he tried to make sound spontaneous, "whether I am a stupendous fraud, or an escaped lunatic."

"We can wait; your chance will come," she soothed him with a rare smile.

"But in the meanwhile—" he finished for her and paused himself.

A sheaf of unpaid bills in the afternoon mail, with the curt and wholly unnecessary "Please Remit" in boldly impertinent characters across the bottom of every one drove Edwards out into the wilting sun. He knew the main street from end to end; he could tell how many trolley poles were on its corners; he felt that he almost knew the stones in the buildings, and that the pavements were worn with the constant passing of his feet, so often in the past four months had he walked, at first buoyantly, then hopefully, at last wearily up and down its length.

The usual idle crowd jostled around the baseball bulletins. Edwards joined them mechanically. "I can be a side-walk fan, even if I am impecunious." He smiled to himself as he said the words, and then listened idly to a voice at his side, "We are getting metropolitan, see that!"

The "That" was an item above the baseball score. Edwards looked and the letters burned themselves like white fire into his consciousness.

STRIKE SPREADS TO OUR CITY. WAITERS AT ADAMS' WALK OUT AFTER BREAKFAST THIS MORNING.

"Good!" he said aloud. The man at his side smiled appreciatively at him; the home team had scored another run, but unheeding that Edwards walked down the street with a lighter step than he had known for days.

The proprietor of Adams' restaurant belied both his name and his vocation. He should have been rubicand, corpulent, American; instead he was wiry, lank, foreign in appearance. His teeth projected over a full lower lip, his eyes set far back in his head and were concealed by wrinkles that seemed to have been acquired by years of squinting into men's motives.

"Of course I want waiters," he replied to Edwards' question, "any fool knows that." He paused, drew in his lower lip within the safe confines of his long teeth, squinted his eye intently on Edwards. "But do I want colored waiters? Now, do I?"

"It seems to me there's no choice for you in the matter," said Edwards good-humoredly.

The reply seemed to amuse the restaurant keeper immensely; he slapped the younger man on the back with a familiarity that made him wince both physically and spiritually.

"I guess I'll take you for head waiter." He was inclined to be jocular, even in the face of the disaster which the morning's strike had brought him. "Peel off and go to work. Say, stop!" as Edwards looked around to take his bearings, "What's your name?"

"Louis Edwards."

"Uh huh, had any experience?"

"Yes, some years ago, when I was in school."

"Uh huh, then waiting ain't your general work."

"No."

"Uh huh, what do you do for a living?"

"I'm a civil engineer."

One eye-brow of the saturnine Adams shot up, and he withdrew his lower lip entirely under his teeth.

"Well, say man, if you're an engineer, what you want to be strike-breaking here in a waiter's coat for, eh?"

Edwards' face darkened, and he shrugged his shoulders. "They don't need me, I guess," he replied briefly. It was an effort, and the restaurant keeper saw it, but his wonder overcame his sympathy.

"Don't need you with all that going on at the Monarch works? Why, man, I'd a thought every engineer this side o' hell would be needed out there."

"So did I; that's why I came here, but—"

"Say, kid, I'm sorry for you, I surely am; you go on to work."

"And so," narrated Edwards to Margaret, after midnight, when he had gotten in from his first day's work, "I became at once head waiter, first assistant, all the other waiters, chief boss, steward, and high-muck-a-muck, with all the emoluments and perquisites thereof."

Margaret was silent; with her ready sympathy she knew that no words of hers were needed then, they would only add to the burdens he had to bear. Nothing could be more bitter than this apparent blasting of his lifelong hopes, this seeming lowering of his standard. She said nothing, but the pressure of her slim brown hand in his meant more than words to them both.

"It's hard to keep the vision true," he groaned.

If it was hard that night, it grew doubly so within the next few weeks. Not lightly were the deposed waiters to take their own self-dismissal and supplanting. Daily they menaced the restaurant with their surly attentions, ugly and ominous. Adams shot out his lower lip from the confines of his long

teeth and swore in a various language that he'd run his own place if he had to get every nigger in Africa to help him. The three or four men whom he was able to induce to stay with him in the face of missiles of every nature, threatened every day to give up the battle. Edwards was the force that held them together. He used every argument from the purely material one of holding on to the job now that they had it, through the negative one of loyalty to the man in his hour of need, to the altruistic one of keeping the place open for colored men for all time. There were none of them of such value as his own personality, and the fact that he stuck through all the turmoil. He wiped the mud from his face, picked up the putrid vegetables that often strewed the floor, barricaded the doors at night, replaced orders that were destroyed by well-aimed stones, and stood by Adams' side when the fight threatened to grow serious.

Adams was appreciative. "Say, kid, I don't know what I'd a done without you, now that's honest. Take it from me, when you need a friend anywhere on earth, and you can send me a wireless, I'm right there with the goods in answer to your S. O. S."

This was on the afternoon when the patrol, lined up in front of the restaurant, gathered in a few of the most disturbing ones, none of whom, by the way, had ever been employed in the place. "Sympathy" had pervaded the town.

The humid August days melted into the sultry ones of September. The self-dismissed waiters had quieted down, and save for an occasional missile, annoyed Adams and his corps of dark-skinned helpers no longer. Edwards had resigned himself to his temporary discomforts. He felt, with the optimism of the idealist, that it was only for a little while; the fact that he had sought work at his profession for nearly a year had not yet discouraged him. He would explain carefully to Margaret when the day's work was over, that it was only for a little while; he would earn enough at this to enable them to get away, and then in some other place he would be able to stand up with the proud consciousness that all his training had not been in vain.

He was revolving all these plans in his mind one Saturday night. It was at the hour when business was dull, and he leaned against the window and sought entertainment from the crowd on the street. Saturday night, with all the blare and glare and garishness dear to the heart of the middle-class provincial of the smaller cities, was holding court on the city streets. The hot September sun had left humidity and closeness in its wake, and the evening mists had scarce had time to cast coolness over the town. Shop windows glared wares through colored lights, and phonographs shrilled popular tunes from open store doors to attract unwary passersby. Half-grown boys and girls, happy in the license of Saturday night on the crowded streets, jostled one another and pushed in long lines, shouted familiar epithets at other pedestrians with all the abandon of the ill-breeding common to the class. One crowd, in particular, attracted Edwards' attention. The girls were brave in semi-decollete waists, scant short skirts and exaggerated heads, built up in fanciful designs; the boys with flamboyant red neckties, striking hat-bands, and white trousers. They made a snake line, boys and girls, hands on each others' shoulders, and rushed shouting through the press of shoppers, scattering the inattentive right and left. Edwards' lip curled, "Now, if those were colored boys and girls—"

His reflections were never finished, for a patron moved towards his table, and the critic of human life became once more the deferential waiter.

He did not move a muscle of his face as he placed the glass of water on the table, handed the menu card, and stood at attention waiting for the order, although he had recognized at first glance the half-sneering face of his old hope—Hanan, of the great concern which had no need of him. To Hanan, the man who brought his order was but one of the horde of menials who satisfied his daily wants and soothed his vanity when the cares of the day had ceased pressing on his shoulders. He had not even looked at the man's face, and for this Edwards was grateful.

A new note had crept into the noise on the streets; there was in it now, not so much mirth and ribaldry as menace and anger. Edwards looked outside in slight alarm; he had grown used to that note in the clamor of the streets, particularly on Saturday nights; it meant that the whole restaurant must be prepared to quell a disturbance. The snake line had changed; there were only flamboyant hat-bands in it now, the decolleté shirt waists and scant skirts had taken

refuge on another corner. Something in the shouting attracted Hanan's attention, and he looked up wonderingly.

"What are they saying?" he inquired. Edwards did not answer; he was so familiar with the old cry that he thought it unnecessary.

"Yah! Yah! Old Adams hires niggers! Hires niggers!"

"Why, that is so," Hanan looked up at Edwards' dark face for the first time. "This is quite an innovation for Adams' place. How did it happen?"

"We are strike-breakers," replied the waiter quietly, then he grew hot, for a gleam of recognition came into Hanan's eyes.

"Oh, yes, I see. Aren't you the young man who asked me for employment as an engineer at the Monarch works?"

Edwards bowed, he could not answer; hurt pride surged up within him and made his eyes hot and his hands clammy.

"Well, er—I'm glad you've found a place to work; very sensible of you, I'm sure. I should think, too, that it is work for which you would be more fitted than engineering."

Edwards started to reply, but the hot words were checked on his lips. The shouting had reached a shrillness which boded immediate results, and with the precision of a missile from a warship's gun, a stone hurtled through the glass of the long window. It struck Edwards' hand, glanced through the dishes on the tray which he was in the act of setting on the table, and tipped half its contents over Hanan's knee. He sprang to his feet angrily, striving to brush the débris of his dinner from his immaculate clothing, and turned angrily upon Edwards.

"That is criminally careless of you!" he flared, his eyes blazing in his pallid face. "You could have prevented that; you're not even a good waiter, much less an engineer."

And then something snapped in the darker man's head. The long strain of the fruitless summer; the struggle of keeping together the men who worked under him in the restaurant; the heat, and the task of enduring what was to him the humiliation of serving, and this last injustice, all culminated in a blinding flash in his brain. Reason, intelligence, all was obscured, save a man hatred, and a desire to wreak his wrongs on the man, who, for the time being, represented the author of them. He sprang at the white man's throat and bore him to the floor. They wrestled and fought together, struggling, biting, snarling, like brutes in the débris of food and the clutter of overturned chairs and tables.

The telephone rang insistently. Adams wiped his hands on a towel, and carefully moved a paint brush out of the way, as he picked up the receiver.

"Hello!" he called. "Yes, this is Adams, the restaurant keeper. Who? Uh huh. Wants to know if I'll go his bail? Say, that nigger's got softening of the brain. Course not, let him serve his time, making all that row in my place; never had no row here before. No, I don't never want to see him again."

He hung up the receiver with a bang, and went back to his painting. He had almost finished his sign, and he smiled as he ended it with a flourish:

WAITERS WANTED. NONE BUT WHITE MEN NEED APPLY

Out in the county work-house, Edwards sat on his cot, his head buried in his hands. He wondered what Margaret was doing all this long hot Sunday, if the tears were blinding her sight as they did his; then he started to his feet, as the warden called his name. Margaret stood before him, her arms outstretched, her mouth quivering with tenderness and sympathy, her whole form yearning towards him with a passion of maternal love.

"Margaret! You here, in this place?"

"Aren't you here?" she smiled bravely, and drew his head towards the refuge of her bosom. "Did you think I wouldn't come to see you?"

"To think I should have brought you to this," he moaned.

She stilled his reproaches and heard the story from his lips. Then she murmured with bloodless mouth, "How long will it be?"

"A long time, dearest—and you?"

"I can go home, and work," she answered briefly, "and wait for you, be it ten months or ten years—and then—?"

"And then—" they stared into each other's eyes like frightened children. Suddenly his form straightened up, and the vision of his ideal irradiated his face with hope and happiness.

"And then, Beloved," he cried, "then we will start all over again. Somewhere, I am needed; somewhere in this world there are wanted dark-skinned men like me to dig and

blast and build bridges and make straight the roads of the world, and I am going to find that place—with you."

She smiled back trustfully at him. "Only keep true to your ideal, dearest," she whispered, "and you will find the place. Your window faces the south, Louis. Look up and out of it all the while you are here, for it is there, in our own southland, that you will find the realization of your dream."

DON FRANCISCO

By CLARENCE BIXBY

FOR several years past, the natives, Americans and Europeans who drifted into the prosperous province of La Union to trade always returned to Manila with various sized tales of Don Francisco, who had "muchos caballos y era muy rico tambien," without even once giving a hint that the Don was anything different from what the name might imply—a full fledged and unadulterated Castillano.

During all of these years it was naturally supposed, from the title (beware of titles), that the Don was a loyal subject of the Spanish Crown; perhaps a remnant of the Spanish army who had gone into the province during the late reign of the Dons and had acquired an undue share of the province's wealth by methods that belong to the "Castillas" alone. But on my first visit to La Union a few months ago, much to my surprise and pleasure, I found, to the contrary, that the Don was not a Spaniard at all, but a swarthy son of Ham who had gone to the islands in 1899 as part and parcel of the Army of Uncle Sam, from which he was honorably separated in 1901.

I found him happily located in the capital city of the province, San Fernando, living in splendid state in one of its baronial bungalows and owning some three or four others; a bachelor, surrounded by luxuries and wealth, books, pianos, costly furniture and fixtures, a retinue of servants, some hundred head of horses, native and imported; mules, carabaos; bullcarts, wagons, carromatas, automobiles, boats and, last but not the least, he is the proud possessor of a bulldog.

It is told that while the Don was yet a soldier he discovered the need of transportation in La Union and set about to fill the want by purchasing a carromata and horse, which he found profitable from the beginning, his principal customers being his fellow soldiers. This was the beginning of his fortune. To his one carromata and horse he added a condemned army mule and wagon, and opened up a "narrow gauged" between Camp Wallace and San Fernando, and so Don Francisco and his transportation line "grew and grew."

He gathered and hauled to the post the wood, water and grass for the quartermaster's department, hauled the soldiers to and from the post, as well as furnished transportation to the neighboring towns. As the years rolled by he gradually augmented his rolling stock until to-day he has an absolute corner on transportation, both land and water, for the entire province; for as yet there are no railroads in the province.

Besides being master of the situation so far as transportation is concerned, Don Francisco has entered other fields. He conducts the only general merchandise store and owns the only hotel to be found in the province. He operates a carpenter and blacksmith shop in connection with his establishment, and does a commission and brokerage business.

"Don Francisco" as he is known throughout La Union province, is none other than Frank Smith, Jr., a modest, young colored American, a native of the Buckeye State, who attached himself to the Army of Occupation, came to the Philippines and has resided in them ever since.

Mr. Smith, through his thrift and energy, has amassed a considerable fortune, his wealth being estimated at $150,000. He contemplates opening a garage and establishing branch merchandise stores in Naguilan and Aringay, towns of the same province.

If you ever visit the Philippines, go to the province of La Union, and ask for "Don Francisco." You will neither regret the visit nor forget the acquaintance.

NATIONAL LEAGUE ON URBAN CONDITIONS AMONG NEGROES

THE improvement of conditions among rural Negroes through the many agricultural institutions, extension courses and demonstration stations, the funds established for lengthening the school year and better teaching methods in the schools has been one of the achievements of recent decades. The slowness with which interested persons have been organized in cities for improving the conditions among urban Negroes is one of the many sad facts of urban life. Delayed reforms frequently are characterized by more energetic and effective action than the long, drawn-out campaign against the evils which seem to feed and thrive on the attacking measures, and also are greeted with quicker acceptance and more generous recognition than the older measures to which we have become so accustomed, that they fail to make the appeal to the need of our every-day life.

When, during the spring of 1910, Mrs. William H. Baldwin, Jr., called representatives of the many social-welfare organizations working among Negroes to a conference at her New York City home, to consider means of preventing duplication of effort and overlapping of work, of promoting co-operation among the agencies and of establishing new organizations to improve neglected conditions, a new era was reached in the handling of the city problem as it affected the Negroes.

From this meeting resulted the National League on Urban Conditions Among Negroes, whose work of uplift is now being felt in ten cities, viz.: New York, Philadelphia, Pa., Norfolk, Va., Richmond, Va., Nashville, Tenn., Louisville, Ky., St. Louis, Mo., Savannah, Ga., Augusta, Ga., and Atlanta, Ga., whose budget has increased from $2,000 to $18,000 per year and whose staff of paid employees has increased from one full-time and three part-time employees to sixteen salaried persons in New York City, three in Nashville and two in Norfolk. In New York City the league has three offices with telephone connections, two in Manhattan, at 110 West 40th Street and 127 West 135th Street, and the third in Brooklyn, at 185 Duffield Street, which is in charge of Paul F. Mowbray with Miss Carrietta V. Owens as his associate.

MRS. W. H. BALDWIN, FOUNDER.

The account of the activities of the Urban League given below is concerned principally with New York City; yet it will serve more or less as a description of the work in other cities, as the plans for movements in other cities are similar to those in New York, with proper allowance for the different local conditions.

The problem of the city Negro is but the accentuated counterpart of the problem of all urban inhabitants. Segregation and the consequent congestion, the evils of bad housing conditions with their inevitable accompaniment of dangerous sanitation and loose morals, the lack of facilities for wholesome recreation and the ill-regulated picture shows and dance halls combine to make conditions which demand instant relief. Add to this a population constantly augmented by Negroes from small towns or rural districts of the South, and the problem of the league is before you.

Co-operation and Prevention of Duplication.

The most important achievement in the effort to prevent duplication of work and to inspire workers with a co-operative spirit was the consolidation of the National League

MISS E. G. BURLEIGH AT WORK.

for the Protection of Colored Women, the Committee for Improving the Industrial Condition of Negroes in New York and the Committee on Urban Conditions Among Negroes (the committee formed at Mrs. Baldwin's meeting) into the incorporated National League on Urban Conditions Among Negroes. Since this consolidation there has been close co-operation with practically every agency in the city working for colored people in the handling of numerous cases of destitution, in securing employment for worthy applicants, in getting knowledge of the work of the organizations disseminated through the community, in conducting boys' and girls' clubs, in making investigations, in placing neglected children in homes and in the securing of competent social workers.

For two summers a central bureau of fresh-air agencies was conducted. This bureau kept on record a list of colored people receiving fresh-air benefits for the use of various co-operating agencies in order to prevent "repeating." This work is now handled by the social-service exchange of the Charity Organization Society.

Organizing or Conducting Needed Agencies.

The league has sought to establish agencies for uplift where needed. If no committee could be found ready to take over and conduct the particular undertaking, the league has handled the movement through its local office staff.

The Sojourner Truth house committee, with Mrs. George W. Seligman as chairman, has undertaken the task of establishing a home for delinquent colored girls under 16 years of age, because of the failure of the State and private institutions to care adequately for these unfortunates. The league made an investigation of this need and formed a temporary committee from which developed the present organization.

The league also inaugurated the movement for the training of colored nursery maids. A committee, of which Mr. Frank W. Barber is chairman, has worked out the details for courses of study in hospital training in care of infants, kindergarten training, child study and household arts.

During the summer of 1911 the league conducted, in Harlem, a playground for boys, for the purpose of demonstrating the need of recreational facilities for the children of Harlem. As a result of this movement, and a continuous agitation for more adequate play facilities, the city has practically committed itself to the operation of a model playground on any plot of ground

THE HARLEM OFFICE.

"BIG BROTHER" ALLISON AT WORK.

in the Harlem district, the use of which is donated to the City Parks Department.

The travelers' aid work, in charge of Miss Eva G. Burleigh, has consisted principally in the meeting of the coastwise steamers bringing large numbers of women and girls from Southern ports to New York City, who are without acquaintance with methods of meeting the competition of city life, and who are frequently sent to New York to be exploited by unreliable employment agents or questionable men. The league supports two travelers' aid workers in Norfolk, Va., which is the gateway to the North for hundreds of women and girls from Virginia and the Carolinas.

The preventive or protective work of the league consists of the visiting in the homes of school children who have become incorrigibles or truants, for the purpose of removing the causes of these irregularities. This work is in charge of Mrs. Hallie B. Craigwell and Mr. Leslie L. Pollard.

Probation work with adults from the court of general sessions is done by Mr. Chas. C. Allison, Jr. In connection with this work with delinquents the Big Brother and Big Sister movements are conducted. The league seeks to furnish to each boy or girl passing through the courts the helpful influence and guidance of a man or woman of high moral character.

The league conducts a housing bureau for the purpose of improving the moral and physical conditions among the tenement houses in Negro districts. It seeks principally to prevent the indiscriminate mixing of the good and bad by furnishing to the public a list of houses certified to be tenanted by respectable people. It also seeks to get prompt action of agents and owners or the city departments whenever there is need for correcting certain housing abuses. This work is in charge of Mr. John T. Clark.

A monthly conference of workers with boys and girls has been organized. Through this conference several neighborhood clubs have been formed, among them the Utopia Neighborhood Club, of which Mrs. Albert S. Reed is president, and the Harriet Tubman Neighborhood Club, of which Mrs. Marie Jackson Stuart is president. The chairman of the conference is Rev. F. A. Cullen, pastor of Salem M. E. Church.

In connection with the fresh-air work the boys' camp has been established, at which, during the last three years, more than 400 boys have been accommodated at an expense of more than $3,000. This camp is supervised by Mr. William Lloyd Imes.

Industrial organizations are formed along occupational lines. Public porters, mechanics (including carpenters, painters, plasterers, paperhangers, etc.), elevator men and hallmen and chauffeurs have been organized.

A vocational exchange, designed to refer Negroes to opportunities for training along vocational lines, and to refer applications for help and for positions to reliable philanthropic and commercial employment agencies, has been established, with Mr. John D. Jones in charge.

Training of Social Workers.

No human movement can move with appreciative success without the propelling impetus of a forceful personality. Social work among Negroes has suffered not so much from the lack of movements as from the lack of conscientious, enthusiastic, trained workers. This fact was emphasized by Dr. George Edmund Haynes when, shortly following Mrs. Baldwin's meeting, he was employed as director of the organization. The result was the establishment of two annual fellowships at the New York School of Philanthropy and Columbia University, and scholarships at Fisk University, where Dr. Haynes holds the chair of social science, and from which he seeks to influence other Southern Negro colleges to standardize their courses in sociology and economics and to encourage promising

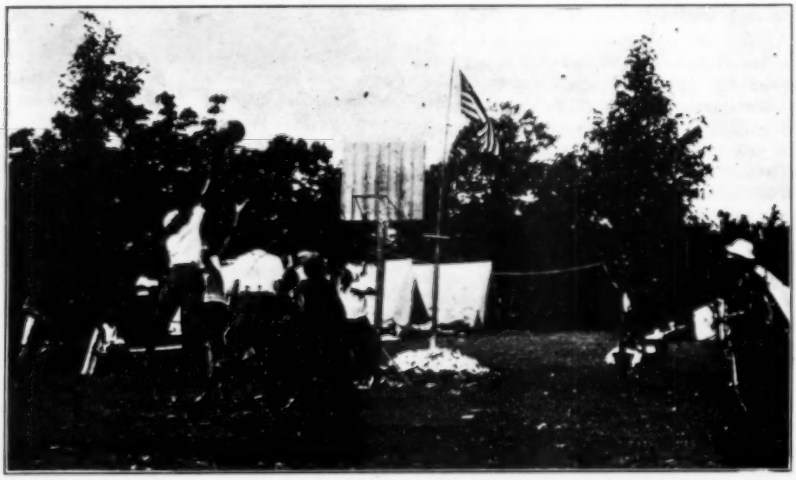
students to take up social work as a profession.

Including the two students, Miss Nellie M. Quander and Mr. Chandler Owen, studying last year in New York City, four "fellows" have pursued courses of study under the auspices of the league in New York City, three of whom are laboring successfully in some field of social service. The two fellows appointed for the next school year are Mr. Alexander L. Jackson, class orator of Harvard, 1914, and Mr. W. N. Colson, 1914, class leader of Virginia Union University.

VISION OF HUMAN NEED AND EFFICIENCY IN SERVICE.

On these two principles the National League on Urban Conditions Among Negroes is founded. It endeavors to select its workers, raise its budget and direct and extend its work with these guide posts to its way toward the great goal of the real freedom of opportunity to all.

The personnel of the executive board and general membership of the league is a guarantee of its integrity and strength. Its officers are: Mrs. William H. Baldwin, Jr., chairman; Major R. R. Moton, of Hampton Institute, and Prof. Kelly Miller, of Howard University, vice-chairmen; Mr. L. Hollingsworth Wood, secretary; Mr. A. S. Frissell, treasurer, and Mr. Victor H. McCutcheon, assistant treasurer.



THE FRESH AIR CAMP OF THE URBAN LEAGUE.

A BOOK AND A PLAY

"In Freedom's Birthplace. A Study of the Boston Negroes. John Daniels. Houghton, Mifflin Co., 1914. 496 pages. Price $1.00 net.

There have been a number of books on the Negroes in northern cities, but Mr. Daniels' study of the Boston Negroes is unique in form. It avoids statistics, save in the appendix, and is written in a loose narrative style admirably adapted to the historical section of the book. Here the writer renders an important service in showing us the part the Boston Negro played in the abolition movement and in the civil war; and as in DuBois' "John Brown" we learn to know a group of fearless colored Americans who were in the forefront of the long struggle for the freedom of the slave. We also learn in detail of the splendid records of the fifty-fourth and fifty-fifth Massachusetts regiments.

After the war we are told of the movements in Boston for and against Booker T. Washington's doctrines, doctrines which Mr.

Daniels whole-heartedly advocates, and of the 1910 meeting in Zion church at which William Monroe Trotter heckled Dr. Washington and for which Mr. Trotter suffered imprisonment. The book then deals with present-day statistical matters, and the style, adapted to narrative, becomes discursive and confused. It is difficult to find facts, mingled as they are on every page with the writer's opinions. Nevertheless, by searching, we do find much data regarding the Negro in his church, in politics, in business—facts that have been carefully gathered and are of importance to the student of the progress of the colored race. In the foot-notes and the appendix are interesting sketches of prominent colored men.

Mr. Daniels presents his opinions by marshalling all the disagreeable characteristics of the Boston Negro at the beginning of each chapter and relating the race's achievements at the close. The method is unfortunate. He assures us that "two inherent characteristics of the Negroes are lack of self-reliance and deficiency in the capacity for social cooperation," that their traits are "irresponsibility, instability and untrustworthiness," and that "their present industrial standing is roughly commensurate with their present actual worth." In short, that they lack in "stamina." However, after we have learned this, we are assured that the Boston Negro has little chance to show his ability, that "In low-grade work a Negro finds it twice as hard to obtain employment; in work of intermediary grade, such as the trades and lesser clerical lines, from ten to fifty times harder; and in the work of high-grade, such as that of bank clerks, salaried officials of business houses, and the like, a hundred times harder than in the case with applicants of the other race; and that furthermore there are some occupations from which Negroes are practically shut out." And we end the book with the writer's astonishing admission, in view of what has gone before, that "The assertion sometimes heard, indeed, that history affords no other example of a race which has made equal headway in its half-century of independent existence, is probably within the truth." It is indeed a bewildering method which the writer pursues.

The book leaves us with one strong impression (an impression which the CRISIS reader must feel increasingly as he studies each month's issue), that even "In Freedom's Birthplace" rights given by those above can be taken away by those above; and that only those rights are permanent that are wrested from the race in power by the race that is oppressed. The battle for the Negro's civil and political rights, therefore, which a few far-seeing agitators and statesmen thought they had won forty-five years ago must be fought all over again by the Negroes themselves when they shall awake to a realization and an understanding of the oppression under which they live.

"The Mob." John Galsworthy. Charles Scribners' Sons.

Galsworthy's latest play is directed against Imperialism. The scene is laid in England on the eve of a war of conquest against a primitive people. The hero, Stephen More, a member of parliament is passionately opposed to the war while the men about him favor it. In the first scene there is much talk of the beneficience of British rule. One of the characters, the Dean of Stour, says:

"Does our rule bring blessing—or does it not, Stephen?"

Stephen answers: "Sometimes, but with all my soul I deny the fantastic superstition that our rule can benefit a people like this, a nation of one race, as different from ourselves as dark from light—in color, religion, every mortal thing. We can only pervert their natural instincts."

Against the entreaties of his wife, his father, his friends and constituents, More takes a stand against imperialism. He speaks his belief in parliament, on the lecture platform and in the streets. His constituents come to argue with him. The English have lost a battle and he is asked to remember the soldiers who died trying to take the Pass. More replies with a picture of the Englishman's wrath should his country be invaded.

"Imagine! Up in our own country—the Black Valley—twelve hundred foreign devils dead and dying—the crows busy over them—in our own country, our own valley—ours—ours—violated. Would you care about the poor fellows in *that* Pass? Invading, stealing dogs! Kill them—kill them! You would and I would too!"

He convinces his hearers for a moment, and then through the open window comes the sound of Highland bag pipes, and of marching soldiers. The soldiers pass and the mob follows, crying: "Give the beggars hell, boys!" "Wipe your feet on their dirty country!" The men, stirred by the soldiery,

demand that More hold his peace. He cries: "No," and they leave him in anger.

The play moves to its inevitable tragedy. The patriot who believes in "that great country which shall never take toll from the weakness of others," cries his message against insolent boasting and needless slaughter until the mob enters his house, and he is silenced. He dies for his ideal.

M. W. O.

THE BURDEN

WHAT IT COSTS A NEGRO TO GET A PULLMAN BERTH FROM LOUISVILLE, KY., TO BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

MR. SPINGARN and I were to speak in Louisville on Sunday, July 5. It was at a great sacrifice of home interests that I could be there at that time. But, notwithstanding that, I had to go at least twenty-four hours earlier because I could not get a berth than I should have had to go if I could have gotten a berth from Birmingham to Louisville. And so, going up, I left Birmingham on Friday and reached Nashville by night and stopped with friends in the city until Saturday. This made me lose twenty-four hours from very pressing work at home —the cost of discrimination.

From Nashville I went to Louisville on Saturday and as soon as I reached Louisville I began to plan how I could get a berth back to Birmingham, leaving Louisville Sunday night after speaking Sunday afternoon. I knew that it would be dangerous for me to sit up all night going back after standing on my feet and lecturing for several hours in Louisville (two engagements Sunday, P. M.), and I knew, too, that I must be back home on Monday for business reasons.

Sunday morning, as soon as I had eaten breakfast, I started on the quest for Pullman accomodations, which quest, as you will see, lasted until after 9:40 that night.

First the secretary of the colored Y. M. C. A. and I went to the 10th St. Station and bought my railroad ticket. Then we went back to the Y. M. C. A. headquarters and summoned a messenger from the Western Union. We instructed the messenger to take my railway ticket to the station and purchase a Pullman ticket to Birmingham "for party," not giving name or color.

The boy came back empty handed, saying that they did not sell Pullman tickets in the station any more and that they must be gotten by the "party" as the party got on the train. We suspected that perhaps the boy had struck the same agent who had just sold me the railway ticket.

We were baffled but not yet beaten: we formed several new plans, one of which was to send a "white Negro" for the ticket; another was to send another messenger boy later in the evening when that agent was off duty; and another was to look up the assistant passenger agent of the L. & N. Railroad, with whom the Y. M. C. A. secretary is acquainted.

Meanwhile, I had missed morning church services and Sunday-school, in this Pullman ticket quest, and it was getting to be time for the afternoon mass meeting when Mr. Spingarn and I were to speak. I had spent all of Sunday morning with all the ingenuity I could summon, in efforts to cheat the prejudice of the white people out of the privilege of buying this plain necessity of travel.

As I sat waiting my turn to speak and seeing Mr. Spingarn delivering his great anti-segregation address with the light of battle in his eyes, a new idea and inspiration came to me. I said, "I will get this true man's assistance in my present struggle for a sleeping-car berth."

After meeting I laid the matter before him. We immediately set out for the station. Mr. Spingarn went in; I stepped outside on the corner, so as not to lend too much "color" to the situation. He came out with the same report, that Pullman tickets must be bought on the car from the Pullman conductor.

We knew that if a black man went to buy a Pullman ticket on the train the stereotyped lie would be told him—"all space is taken"—even though, as in my case, he had previously made a reservation by telephone. For early in the day I had taken the precaution to order over the telephone "lower number six for William Pickens." They could not

tell the color of my voice so they made the reservation quite politely.

So it seemed that the battle was to be lost. Most men would have given up the fight at this stage but not Spingarn. He said, "I will go to my hotel and send through them for that ticket, and if they fail, look for me here at the depot twenty minutes before the train leaves." They failed. I learned this from the hotel over the telephone.

At 9:20, therefore, with two other "conspirators," the Y. M. C. A. secretary and the colored pastor of the First Congregational Church, I entered the depot to await the appearance of our energetic confederate, Joel E. Spingarn. He was the most determined man I ever saw. With the fire of desperate battle on his countenance, he said, "There is just one way left,—the great American proxy; you have your suitcase, hand me your ticket and follow me."

We passed the gateman, he said not a word to me: he saw me bearing a white man's burden as he thought. We went straight to the Pullman conductor: "Lower number six for William Pickens," said Spingarn. The conductor and porter politely admitted us,—heeding not me, the burden bearer.

Inside my fellow conspirator handed me the tickets, chuckled a mixture of triumph and indignation and left the car. Certain passengers noticed and interpreted these last movements, as I observed. My berth was ready, so I retired. When the train was moving on the conductor, having been enlightened by these observers, pulled aside the curtains of my berth and with his diagram in his hand and insolence in his voice demanded: "What is your name?"

"William Pickens," said I, placidly.

"Well, you ain't the one that asked for this reservation at the door."

"No," said I, "but I *am* the one *for whom* it was asked, and I am the one who made the reservation over the telephone." This silenced him. He accepted my two dollars and fifty cents; I drew my curtains to and slept until seven A. M., within one hour and a half of Birmingham.

By my fellow passengers I was eyed in that strange mysterious way, peculiar to Americans, as if a Negro was the rarest sight on this continent,—but I was not accosted. I learned from the porter that they had gallantly informed the conductor of my intrusion, soon after Mr. Spingarn left, and that they had asked the porter how I could be put out. Being informed that I had the best of the game and that this was impracticable, they quieted down and discussed the "race question" in their various corners.

The berth cost me: a messenger's fee, thirteen hours of work, worry and strategy, my attendance at morning church services, part of my dinner, part of my time for evening address, the assistance of at least six other persons, three trips to the station, and *the regular fares.*

And yet they say that "Jim-Crowism" is no burden to the black man.

WILLIAM PICKENS.

OPERA

"For the first time in the history of the French Opera House—and it dates back to 1859—the fourth gallery was set aside for colored people at the matinee yesterday, with the announcement from Manager Affre and Secretary-Treasurer Durieu that in future Sunday matinees will be given with the 'pit' reserved for colored patrons.

"And, incidentally, among the most appreciative listeners when 'Faust' was sung yesterday afternoon were the colored people in the fourth gallery. Quietly, but with eagerness and enjoyment manifest throughout the little group which extended across the first row, they listened to the performance and enjoyed it as perhaps none of the other opera lovers present."—New Orleans *Picayune.*

A LETTER.

I SAW on the editorial page of your New Year CRISIS a sketch of information concerning forgotten, neglected and concealed news. Between ten and eleven years of age my father was murdered by two white men on his way home. The law of the State of Alabama did not take any step concerning the matter. This left my mother with six of us boys and no support. Can there be anything done? One of the white men's name was Arthur Williams and the other name has not been learned yet, but I expect to learn it in a very short time. I am now 19 years of age and would like to hear from you as soon as possible."

FROM A WHITE SOUTHERNER.

Mr. Oswald G. Villard.

Dear Sir:

This letter is written to congratulate you on your recent address at Baltimore, Md., before the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

All that you said was true, but you merely touched the fringe of the truth as it actually exists in the South. It is the egotistical boast of the southern man that he knows how to deal with the Negro, and that he alone can solve the problem as it should be solved. But, how does he propose to solve it? One who has a thought for the future actually blushes at his methods.

I am a southern-born man, a descendent of an old slave-holding family, but I am thankful to that Power from which emanates the energy and intelligence of the world that I have in me a spirit of fairness that is not common in the South.

For the past six years I have been at work in this state and in South Carolina. (I regret, on account of the present governor, that I am compelled to admit that I have been a resident of South Carolina.) My work has been that of a commercial secretary, and I have had wide opportunity to study the Negro situation by coming directly in contact with it. I have no information at second hand, and I want to say that the world does not know how basely the Negro is treated by the so-called knighthood of Dixie. The dog and the horse, as a rule, are treated with more consideration—particularly the former—and neither of these animals is robbed of his earnings by a commercial arrangement that is calculated to pull him lower in the scale of existence. The abuses of the Negro are too manifold, and cry too loud for some one to make his treatment less brutal, to be treated in a letter. A form of peonage, not defined by the law, exists all over the South—a most debasing custom that fails in every particular to build along those broad lines which mean so much in the final analysis of things in this country. But the Vardamans, the Tillmans, the Bleases, and others of their ilk—not one of them representing the best thought of the South—hold up the Negro bugaboo and ride into the councils of the nation, and there use their little power to make more debasing the circumstances which surround the Negro.

I have the data for hundreds of columns of matter—not guess work but fact containing time, place and names, that I would like to use. But being in the South and dependent for my living in this country, where laziness among the whites runs rampant (for the Negro does all the work), I can not use it. I would like to write what I have—in fact, devote my entire life to the work—treating with poise and consideration the cause of the Negro of the South, but situated as I am I can't do so. But let me say that some day the world will know; for God in his infinite mercy will not permit things to continue for all time as they are to-day.

Again let me say that I want to congratulate you on your address, and permit me to ask you not to use the contents of this letter other than in confidence. I am chairman of the ways and means committee at my home and also master of exchequer, and I have to guard the source of income until I can see my way into a broader field. I am,

Yours very truly,

_____ _____.

THE NAVY.

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR:

I am a reader of your valuable magazine and I wish to make a few comments in regard to Negroes in the navy, who number about 4,000.

Much discrimination is on board ship and at shore stations, but as we are not allowed to make complaint to the department, what are we to do for protection?

There are colored men on the engineer's force, mainly coal passers, firemen and sometimes oilers and second-class petty officers. That is about as far as they go in that branch after spending the best portion of their lives in the service simply because they don't want a Negro over a white man.

I am writing from experience, having served eight years in the navy, even if Mr. Daniels, Secretary of the Navy, flatly denied the charge against the recruiting officers of using fraud to keep colored men out of the navy.

A colored man in the navy is barred from all athletic sports, and if he has a trade and applies for enlistment in the navy he is told that there is no vacancy and advised to enlist in the messman branch; even there he has little chance on account of Japanese and Filipinos. My advice to every young colored man is to stay out of the navy.

Yours respectfully,

AN EX-NAVY MAN.

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